

iSTUDENT INSURGENT ANGST ISSUE

28.3

Dear diary,

The real movement which suppresses existing conditions rules over society from the moment of the bourgeoisie's victory in the economy, and visibly after the political translation of this victory. The development of all productive forces shatters the old relations of production and all static order turns to dust. Whatever absolute becomes historical. By being thrown

into history, by having to participate in the labor struggles which make up history, men find themselves obliged to view their relations in a clear manner. This history has no object distinct from what takes place within it, even through which history has unfolded as the very object of history. The subject of history can be none other than the living producing himself, becoming master of his world which is history.



420
6a

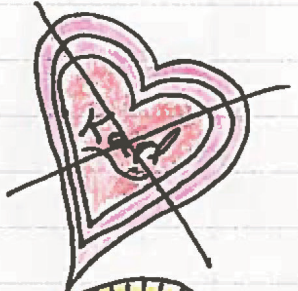
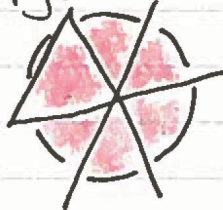
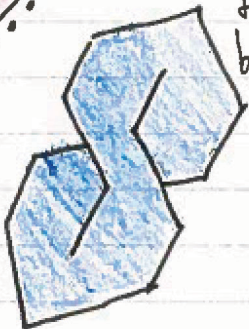


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Volume 28.3, May 2017

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is
shit
and
then
you
die!

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Student Insurgent is a radical-left, anti-racist, anti-authoritarian magazine published quarterly by a horizontally organized student collective at the University of Oregon. Student Insurgent is distributed freely to students and prisoners. Send us a letter or email to be added to the mailing list to receive new releases. All are welcome to submit their written work and art for publication. All materials reflect solely the opinion of their author, not necessarily that of the Student Insurgent.

To submit your written or artistic work, send it by mail to the address on the back, or by email to studentinsurgent@gmail.com. You do not have to ask for permission beforehand, just send it to us—if we like it, we will put it in the magazine. If you would like your work returned to you by mail, please say so in your letter; otherwise we'll keep it.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ANGST ISSUE



UGH, WHATEVER
DAD!

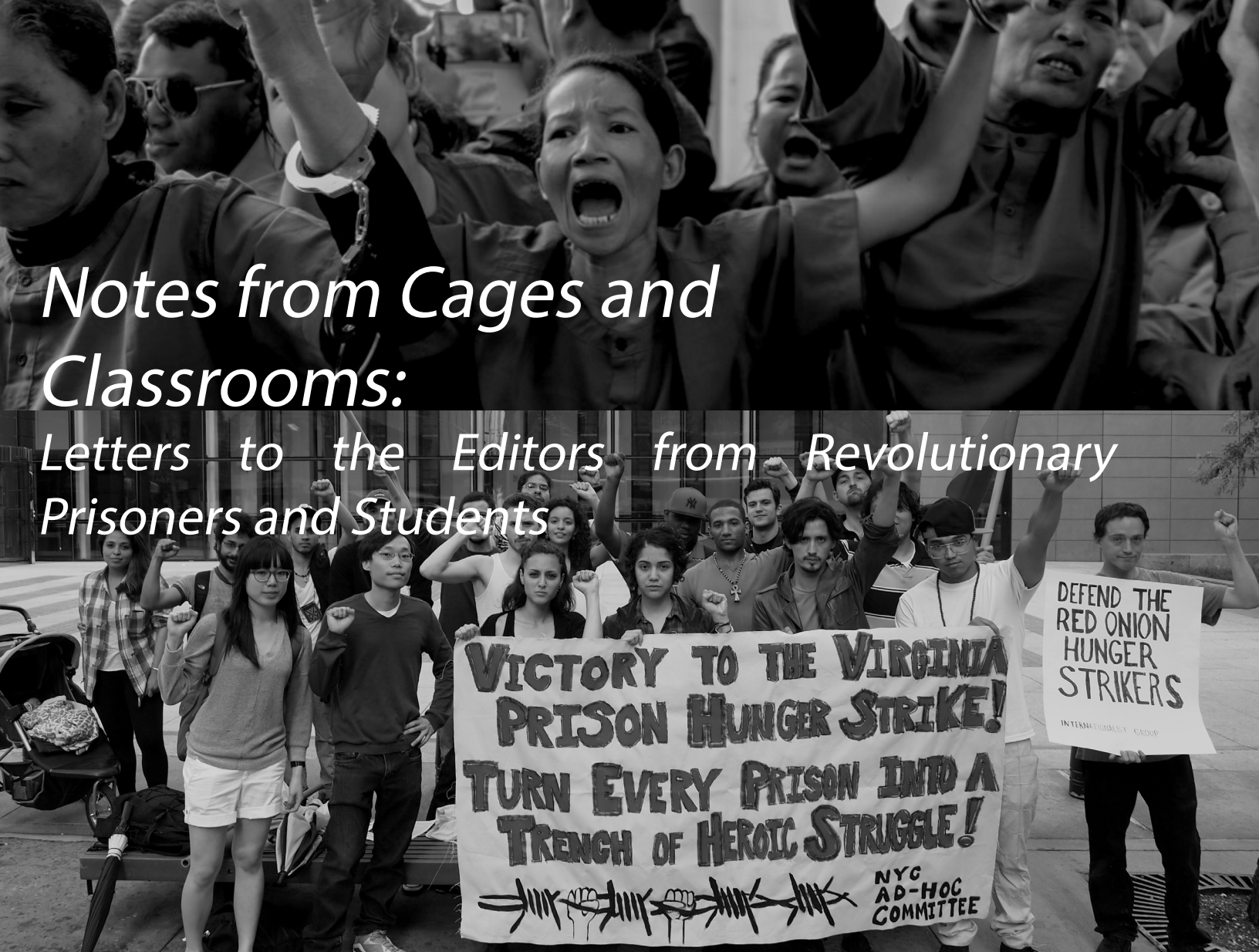
LONG LIVE TEEN ANSGT

Far from being a naïve phase that people should grow out of, teen angst actually represents the pinnacle of moral and intellectual achievement in a person's life. Teen angst is the phase a person enters as they exit childhood and abandon the uncritical reception of established truths and dogmas that goes along with childhood. The teenager questions the world around them for the second time in their life. The mere child asks questions of parents and teachers and swallows the answers uncritically. The teenager asks too, but knows not to put undue weight on the words of authorities. And the angst comes with the accompanying realization that life in this society—in all societies—is profoundly unfair. The angst comes from finally understanding truly how cruel, mismanaged, and corrupt the organizations that structure social life are. And from this angst comes rebellion! Rebellion: the most wonderful force in the universe! The worldview of the teenager is the worldview of the criminal, of the prisoner—outwardly

quiet and obedient, but actually full of righteous fury and secretly carrying out covert acts of sabotage and resistance, secretly enjoying unauthorized pleasures.

The missionaries and acolytes of Adulthood would have you believe this so-called developmental phase is something to be suffered through, waited out, a temporary stop on the journey toward true maturity. Poppycock! Maturity is a scam, maturity means domestication, the brutal forced taming of the human spirit. Maturity means making peace with the oppressor, and forgiving your senior tormentors. To hell with that! Never be at peace, never compromise. Never ever put down your weapons, restrain your rage, and acquiesce to the misrule of these bastards: the parents, teachers, preachers, bosses, landlords, and cops. Death to every order-giver. Freedom for every order-follower!

Long live teenage rebellion. Long live teenage frustration! Long live teen angst!



Notes from Cages and Classrooms:

Letters to the Editors from Revolutionary Prisoners and Students

Greetings Friends & Fellow Social Justice Warriors!

I love the evolution of SI—your last magazine, ‘the Party Issue,’ was a joy to read. In all the vocal outpouring of rage and angst about Trump, and the hysterical suggestions of how to “fight back,” a crucial (and deadly) weapon has been overlooked. This is Trump’s fragile psyche, and the use of ‘psy ops’ tools.

It is obvious to anyone familiar with psychology that Trump suffers from symptoms of mental illness, namely narcissism, paranoia, and borderline personality disorder. This is NOT a criticism, or a personal attack. It is an observation — the president’s mental state is both weak and easily manipulated. This is a fantastic gift to everyone who desires radical change. The man who controls the most devastating, monstrous machinery of government in all of history is a truly pathetic person—literally a “psychic puppet” waiting for YOU to ‘pull his strings.’ Trump is laughably insecure, pathologically incapable of introspection, and—best of all—hypersensitive to social media! It’s a simple matter to discover Trump’s favorite social media feeds, the Twitter and other accounts he follows, and what he reads every day. Find what he obsesses over most, then craft the memes that will goad him to madness!

Be the five-star general in your own psychological warfare operation. Choose your objective, then design your “weapon” - the tweet, post, or update that will drive the puppet to act. Remember how easy it was to get Mom or Dad to do your bidding with a few

clever psychological tricks? Relive those days, on a global scale!

Good luck and enjoy, warriors! Change is just a tweet away!

T.M. Hoy

To whom it may concern,

I am greatly disturbed. D.O.C. allows men to purchase yearly subscriptions to magazines like Curves or Playboy, Maxim and whichever other publication subjects woman’s identity to gender roles and sexual gratification based solely on a man’s perspective. Puke!

I like sex and I love women, but I respect a woman’s intelligence far above subjecting her to a confining role as a subject of lust and unwarranted desire.

I do not agree with the methods for which D.O.C. confines men. Last week’s institution movie displayed a woman who after being abducted by a spiteful man was hung from the ceiling and forcefully impregnated by a turkey baster. RAPE! PUKE!

Yet, administration sees it fair to play that type of movie as if it’s okay. Shit! Puke! And I—offended to the core—have the only intellectual outlet confiscated because an opinion on outside issues and a liberal mindset would what? Disturb the conformity and domestication?

Notes from Cages and Classrooms

3 years, 4 months and I will be free. But here is what I received in the mail today. I would love to be a part of something beautiful. I am a creative writer, creative for my train of thought and terrible spelling. Ask me anything and I will gladly create a piece for you.

Sincerely,
TJ

-TJ,

Good point about the fucked up hypocrisy in the confiscation—even further evidence of how institutionalized misogyny and violence against women is. Yours is not the first rejection letter we've received and we're really struggling about how to handle this issue. On one hand, we really want every reader to be able to receive every issue. We could probably tone down our messaging and get it past Big Brother.

However, prisoners should have a right to access alternative, radical viewpoints and analysis and be in dialogue with prisoners across the country coming from similar ideologies. It's great that so many mags do make it past the censors, and so many people get to hear from prisoners and students that can see through the thinly veiled societal bullshit.

That being said, some of the reasons for rejections are fucked up. We received one letter from the last issue that cited "promotion of gang violence," referring to an image of some Black Panthers. Oh so a group of black men is a gang? FUCK YOU D.O.C.

-The Student Insurgent

Hey all,

First, thanks to the Student Insurgent mag, staff, writers, and letters for keeping me on the front line of the struggle(s) even though at this time I'm a POW doing 16 years for a crime that I only got two years for.

"How?" you ask... well I'll tell ya. 2 years for the crime of entering an abandoned house in the Hollywood Hills so I could I have a place to sleep for the night. The judge gave me the lowest time he could, that being the two years. Then that got doubled due to my having a strike. That's 4 years, then 2 more years due to the fact I've been in prison two other times. Then I was given two separate 5 year enhancements due to having two prior burglaries on my record. So I go 2 years for my crime, and 14 years for things I already paid for.

Anyway, such is my fate. I wish to ask you to keep me on your mailing list as your mag gives me hope and lets me know that the struggle lives on.

Tommy Brennick.

Dear Student Insurgent staff,

Enclosed are a couple of works of art for the forthcoming Angst Issue.

I love the top 10 music lists, but beg you to listen to the Dead Kennedys. If you listen to their music, I find it hard to believe they won't make the top ten at least once in most issues. For this Top 10 list, I think it should be dominated by The Smiths/Morrissey. Their/his music is the epitome of ANGST. You are welcome to


publish my address with my work. I like discussing art and the politics of exploitation of the masses by the wealthy with people.

Dominic Marak 00152875
Green Bay Correctional Institution
PO Box 19033
Green Bay, WI 54307-9033

P.S. I love reading your publication, then passing it around the prison. You may want to look into writing about the Industrial Workers of the World. They are trying to organize imprisoned workers.

IWW
PO Box 342294
Milwaukee, WI 53234
Dear Student Insurgent,

DOC-1024 (Rev. 02/2009)

 THEY IGNORED HER PLEAS SHE HANGED HERSELF POLICE CHANGED HERSELF HANGED HIMSELF	HE PLEADED TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST DIVISION OF ADULT INSTITUTIONS POLICY AND PROCEDURES THEY ORDERED HIM TO LOCK HIM INTO HIS CELL	DA Ori Si 30 Ad Adi Re
	Chapter: 309 Resources for Inmates	
	Subject: Inmate Mail HE HANGED HIMSELF	
	The Division of Adult Institutions shall ensure in accordance with Wisconsin Administrative Code s. DOC 503.01 that all inmates are provided with a minimum of 15 minutes of daily exercise.	

STAFF WAS ORDERED NOT TO MAKE A STATEMENT
REFERENCES TO MAKE A STATEMENT
Wisconsin Administrative Code s. DOC 503.01
in Administrative Code s. DOC 309
- DOC
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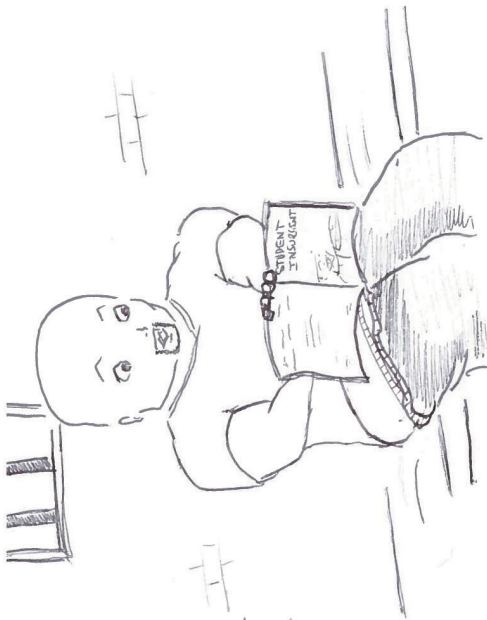
Hi, my name is Thomas. I am currently an inmate at TRCI, one of Oregon's many overcrowded prisons. I came across one of your older issues and I have found interest in many of the articles. I would truly appreciate if I could be added to your mailing list. Also I was wondering about how involved your group is with our prison facilities? Maybe folks on the outside should get involved with what goes on behind the walls in our prison facilities. I had never questioned how our prison facilities were run, but now that I am in one of our facilities, I see how taxpayers' money is spent. I am disgusted with how Oregon's prison facilities are run. I have paid my fair share of taxes to this state and never knew just how poorly our beautiful state is run. Sorry for the complaints, I am just upset with our state and how folks can sit back and let our state be run so poorly as we go further in debt.

Thank you, God bless!

Thomas

PAGE
3

THANKS FOR WRITING BACK.
I'M IN PRISON AND I'M
CURRENTLY IN THE RESTRICTED
HOUSING UNIT. ALSO KNOWN
AS "THE TUBIST"



OR "THE
BUCKET"!



OK... SO YEAH... I LIVE IN
A WORLD TOTALLY VOID OF FOX
NEWS AND THE KARDASHIANS. I
KNOW, I KNOW, I'VE BEEN
MANAGING ONE DAY AT A TIME...
MAYBE IF YOU GOOD PEOPLE HAVE
SOME BACK ISSUES OF INSURGENT
THAT YOU CAN SEND, I'D BE MOST
APPRECIATIVE. I CAN SHARE THEM
WITH THE REST OF THE TRUE
BREAKERS BACK HERE IN THE
P.H.U. BY "FISHING" SOME
LEAVES UNDER THE DOORS.

AND I KNOW YOU PEOPLE ARE
BUSY, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT ANY
FEMALE STAFFERS LOOKING FOR
A PEN PAL, I'M TOTALLY AVAILABLE.
I MEAN, GUYS CAN WRITE TOO,
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

DEAR
STUDENT
INSURGENT

I ♥ STUDENT INSURGENT!
IT'S BETTER THAN THE
SHORT ILLUSTRATED SUMMER
EDITION! GUESS
WHAT I'M DOING
WITH IT IN THIS
DRAWING...

-pg. 1-

PAGE 11

Page #4

OK, I'M GOING TO GO WRITE
SOME MAIL MAIL TO ANN ~~COLTER~~
COLTER, AT LEAST UNTIL SHE GETS
A P.F.A. AGAINST ME...

LET ME KNOW WHAT'S UP WITH
WHAT'S UP. AND TRY NOT TO BE
SO RADICAL THAT'S IT PASSE.

LONG LIVE CASCADEA!

CP

CHARLES PICARELLA
#JDC00200
SCI BENNER TWP
301 INSTITUTION DR.
BELLEFONTE, PA 16823-1665

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Page 5

NEITHER SLAVERY NOR INVOLUNTARY
SERVITUDE, EXCEPT AS A
PUNISHMENT FOR CRIME WHEREOF
THE PARTY SHALL HAVE BEEN
DULY CONVICTED, SHALL EXIST
WITHIN THE UNITED STATES,
OR ANY PLACE SUBJECT TO
THEIR JURISDICTION.

- THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
PARAGRAPH #1

PLEASE DON'T FORGET
2.2 MILLION SLAVES
INCARCERATED IN
AMERICA

RADICAL PRISON NEWS UPDATES

SPRING 2017 | Eugene, Oregon

Immigrant Detainees Have Demands Met After Six-Day Hunger Strike

For the past three weeks, over 750 immigrant detainees have been on a courageous hunger strike at the for-profit Northwest Detention Center (NWDC) in Tacoma, Washington, protesting inhumane conditions. They are not allowed to work, so they cannot afford phone calls which cost \$0.25/minute; they only receive one hot meal a day; they cannot see outside; they don't have socks. This cruel and unusual punishment cannot continue, and the prisoners are taking it into their own hands to end it.

And their tactics must be having an impact because Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) has retaliated by moving some of the strikers to Northern Oregon Regional Correction (NORCOR) Facility in Dalles, Oregon. But this did not deter the strikers! With a show of solidarity from rural and Latinx Oregonians across the state, NORCOR Administrator Bryan Brandenburg provided the detainees with microwaves and radios. This action demonstrates the power of prisoners organizing for justice, but also highlights the injustice that incarcerated and detained people face. Why did it take a fucking hunger strike to get a warm meal?

This is far from the end. The conditions at NORCOR are cruel and notoriously abhorrent. Many prisoners will opt to stay in solitary confinement at NWDC rather than being transferred to NORCOR. Further, it is illegal for NORCOR to enforce federal immigration policy according to Oregon state law because it draws from state and local resources. This hunger strike is only the most recent of a series of hunger strikes going back years at NWDC. In solidarity with strikers! In solidarity with prisoners! ¡En solidaridad con lxs huelguistxs! ¡En solidaridad con lxs prisionerxs!

Contact Rural Organizing Project to help with justice at NORCOR:

Rural Organizing Project | PO Box 1350 | Scappoose, OR 97056 |
Phone: 503-543-8417 | Email: office@rop.org

Texas Prisons' Fascist Book Bans

The 140,000 people currently in currently incarcerated in Texas State Prisons cannot have access to books by Langston Hughes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Sojourner Truth. The Texas Department of Corrections has banned over 15,000 books, many for political reasons. While many books are banned for containing the "N-word," such as those by Noam Chomsky and Richard Wright, the officials have no problem with Mein Kampf or David Duke's My Awakening.

"It's like we're living in the Dark Ages," one prisoner told LA Times. "I believe strongly in the power of knowledge and enlightenment and in what books can do, especially for someone who is down and who feels a connection to a story."

The Last Vestige of 'Jim Crow' Justice

by Human Rights Defence Center, Prison Legal News

Only two U.S. states still allow juries to convict defendants in

non-capital cases without a unanimous decision—but Louisiana reformers are hoping to drop that number to one. Legal reform advocates in that state have joined the local bar association in pushing legislators to require unanimous jury verdicts for most felony convictions. A victory in their campaign will leave Oregon as the only holdout allowing non-unanimous verdicts in felony cases, except those in which the convicted person could face the death penalty. Even though the outcome remains uncertain, the debate over non-unanimous juries in Louisiana has thrown new light on long-ignored issues relating to race and criminal justice.

Prisoner Advocacy Group Decries Censorship at Ohio Prison

by Human Rights Defence Center, Prison Legal News

A nonprofit advocating for prisoner rights filed a federal lawsuit claiming softcover books it sent to inmates at a privately run prison in central Ohio were sent back because they weren't pre-approved by management. The complaint was filed Tuesday in Toledo federal court by the Human Rights Defense Center, or HRDC, a Washington charitable corporation whose stated mission is to educate and assist prisoners seeking legal redress for infringements of their constitutionally guaranteed rights and basic human rights. Management & Training Corporation, a Utah-based corporation that operates North Central Correctional Complex, or NCCC, is the primary defendant named in the case. Also named as defendants are Warden Neil Turner and other unidentified agents involved in the adoption and implementation of mail policies at NCCC. HRDC is perhaps best known for publishing and distributing Prison Legal News, an award-winning monthly magazine containing news and analysis about prisons, prisoners' rights, court opinions and other matters of interest to incarcerated individuals. In addition to Prison Legal News, HRDC publishes and distributes a catalog of softcover books to educate prisoners about criminal justice policies, legal research, health care issues and other similar topics. In its lawsuit, HRDC says NCCC refused to deliver 37 paperback books it has sent to various NCCC prisoners since December.

Texas: Death of 'Baby Jails' Bill a Win for Immigrant Families

The "baby jails" bill is dead. Legislation written by a lobbyist for a private prison company that would've licensed family detention centers as childcare facilities has run out of time to pass, according to its author. Senate Bill 1018 would have lowered state standards so private prison firms could detain asylum-seeking children for months at a time.

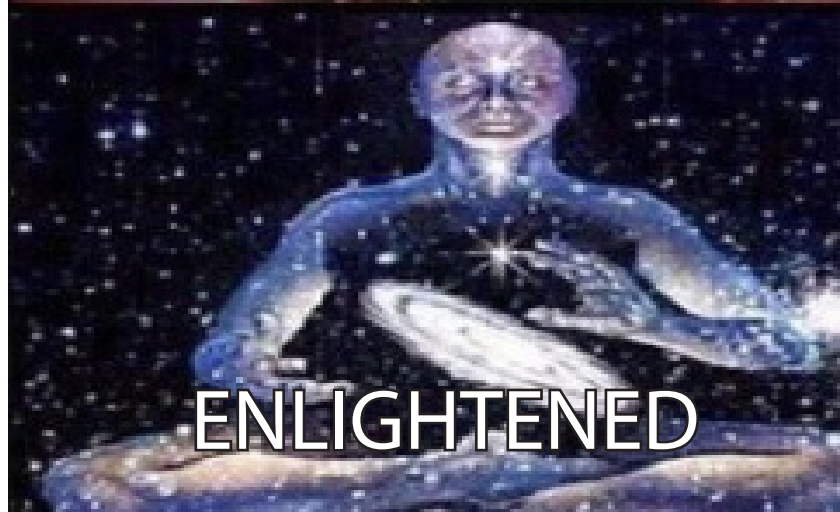
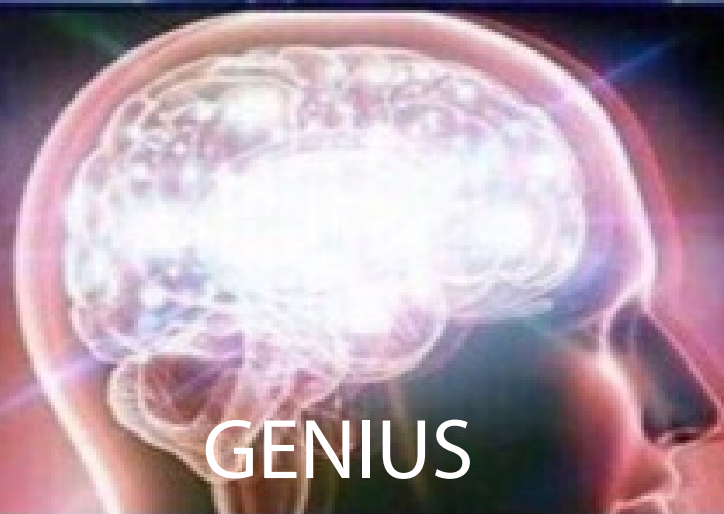
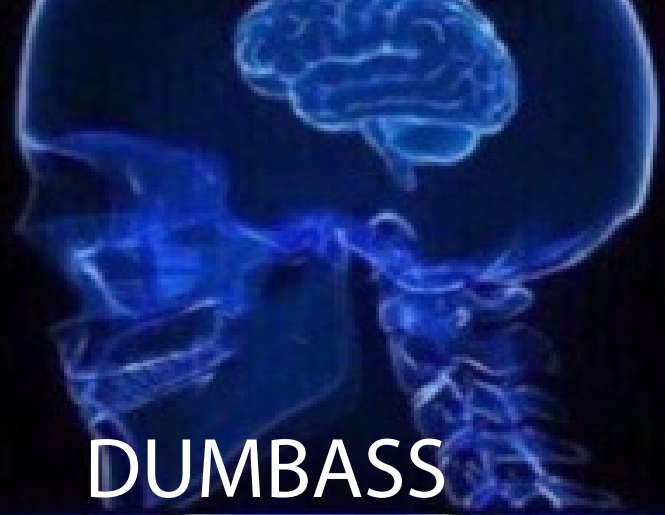
After passing the Senate 20-11 earlier this month, the GOP-backed bill needed a vote from the full House by Tuesday, but it languished in committee past the deadline. The bill was written by a lobbyist for GEO Group, Inc., the nation's second-largest for-profit prison corporation. "The bill is dead; the legislation cannot pass," said Drew Tedford, legislative director for Senator Bryan Hughes, R-Mineola, who authored the Senate version. Hughes argued his bill would protect children by providing more state regulation, but child welfare advocates and immigrant rights activists saw it as a twisted favor to disreputable for-profit prison firms.

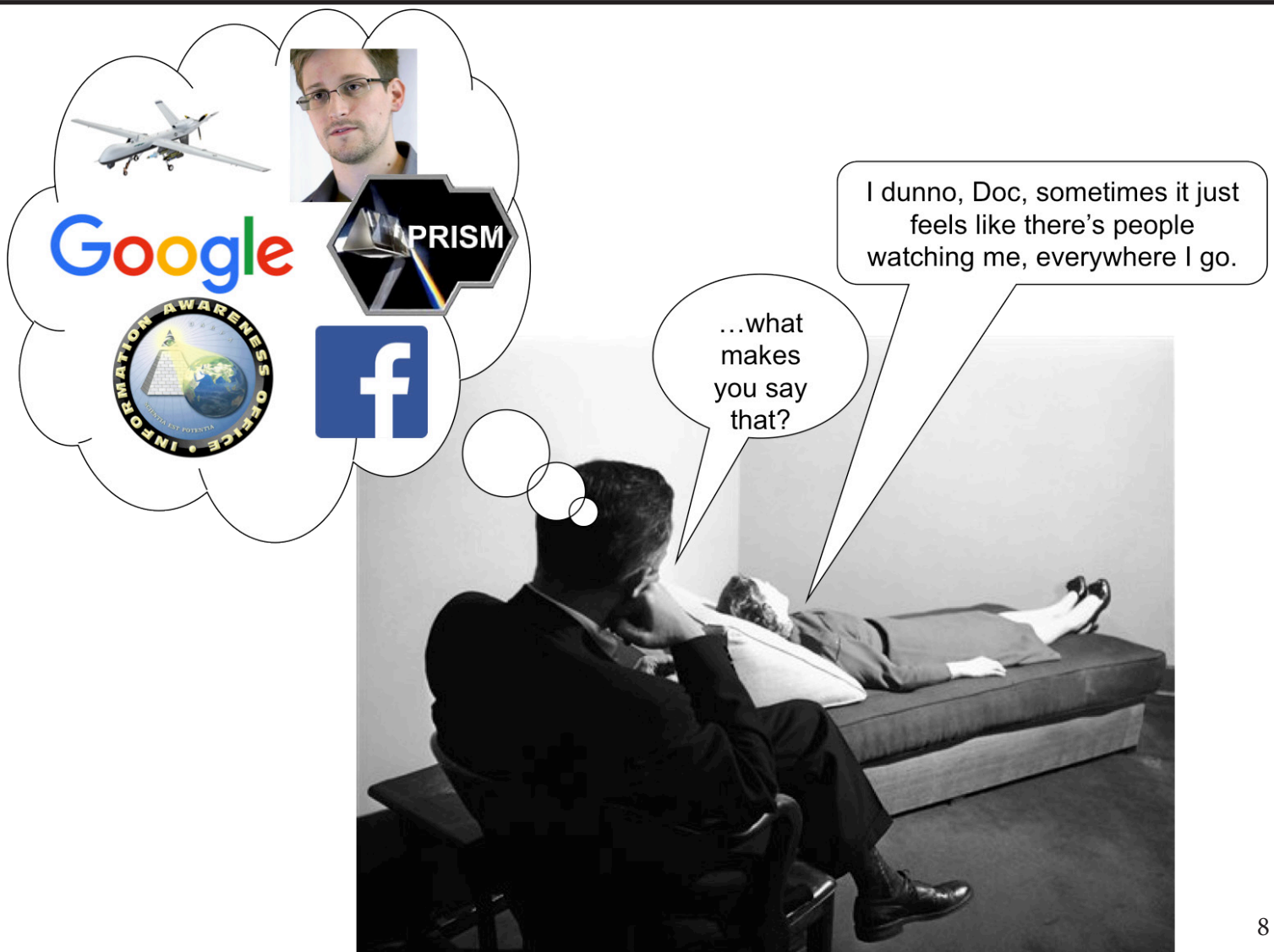
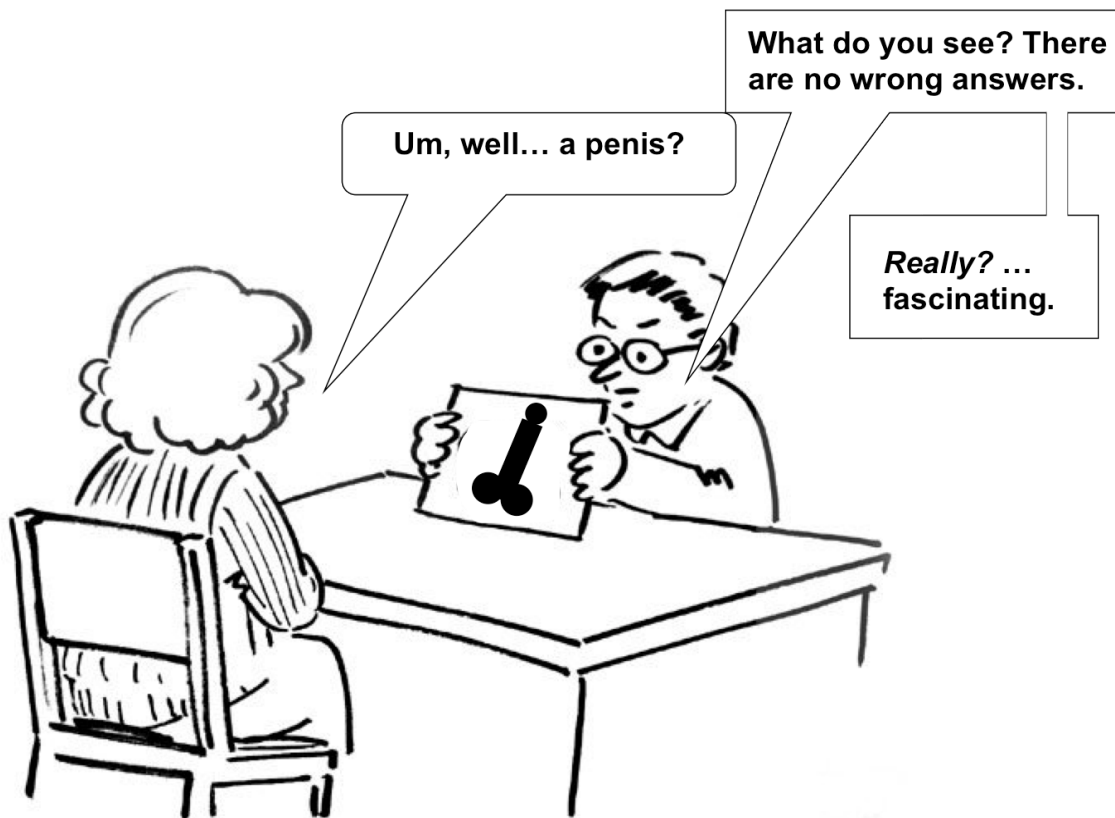
Reading all three volumes of Marx's *Das Kapital*; Holding a Ph.D in post-structuralist philosophy; Writing critical papers about the works of Foucault and Baudrillard; Using phrases like "Marxian hermeneutics" in everyday conversation.

Having a subscription to high-brow magazines like *Jacobin*, *Dissent*, and *New Left Review*.

Reading articles posted on your social media feeds from counterpunch.org, itsgoingdown.org, and alternet.org

Getting your news, modern art exposure, and commentary exclusively from the *Student Insurgent* and especially enjoying our frequent use of images of dicks.





You're Not Paranoid If They Really Are Watching You

I'm already a loosely-held-together bundle of nerves as a person. I've got clinically significant anxiety. I'm fucking medicated, I've been hospitalized. I live in fear at all times—of everything imaginable. And then you add on the Snowden revelations that everyone in America, soon to be everyone on Earth, is surveilled at all times by various federal agencies, especially the NSA, FBI, and CIA—and I'm a complete wreck, an anxious-depressed neurotic paranoiac.

Just a little background, you are being watched. Everything you do online and over the phone is accessible to Big Brother. The GPS data of your cell phone, and your car if it's Lo-Jacked, is trivially accessible. The cameras and microphones on any of your electronic devices can be turned on and set to record remotely. Your credit card and bank information is known to them. And you may or may not have noticed but security cameras have quickly invaded every inch of public space and see around nearly every corner. Lots of people even put them on their homes' front porches now, for "security;" meaning even residential streets are monitored too. Your every move, word, and belonging can be known to these people, all without even requiring a judge to sign a search warrant.

Obviously there's no way they could keep such careful track of everyone alive, but that information is all stored somewhere

that these pigs in the federal government (and increasingly state and local pigs too) can access any time they wish, should you come on their radar as a known activist, troublemaker, radical, or god-forbid "terrorist." All of this was revealed in the Snowden revelations, you can read it in *The Guardian* or *Der Spiegel*, they're the ones Edward Snowden and Glenn Greenwald broke the story to.

Writing for this magazine and having been involved in activism for years, I am most definitely on their radar. Quite literally millions of individuals are singled out for extra attention by these all-encompassing surveillance apparatuses. And as for anarchists, commies, anti-fascists, radical environmentalists, peaceniks, animal liberationists; I can't imagine there's more than a few hundred thousand of us in the whole country. They could easily watch all of us with only a fraction of their resources, plenty leftover to keep an eye on virtually all of America's small Muslim population. If you so much as post something questionable on social media you're likely to come to their attention in some fashion, at least as a "person of interest."

The goal of this is not merely "counter-terrorism," even in the hilariously overbroad sense of "terrorism" that the feds use where any and all political activity outside of voting is considered to be a form of "low-level terrorism"; though that's obviously a major portion of it. The goal is the same as pretty much all police and security functions of government: to produce the self-policing subject. To create a self-conscious citizen who second guesses herself and her motives at all times, and who fears to rebel or resist or even be openly dissenting. The citizen who is aware he is being watched, and who watches other citizens. A snitch, basically, a fearful and guilt-ridden



peasant who will confess to priests and inquisitors, and inform on others in addition to himself. The goal is to eradicate crime as even a conceivable choice in the mind of the individual.

You know when you're driving and you see a cop car and you break out in a sweat and instantly fear you've done something wrong even when you know you haven't? How you immediately become hyper-vigilant of your driving to ensure you're not breaking any rules? This is the purpose of the growth of the surveillance apparatus, to create a body of citizens who feel that way at all times, a population who are aware they live in a panopticon, who are aware that prison relations extend far beyond prison walls. A panopticon society.

And for someone like me, who was already in fear at all times that my various sins and transgressions, minor and major, will be found out: by police, by employers, by my school, by my peers, by the Internet—this

surveillance apparatus is especially effective on me. The sheer misery of day-to-day existence is only increased. My teen angst has matured into a permanent adult angst. The external world has become a personal hell, due to the actions of who else but the fucking police.

That's my point here in this pointless essay: fuck the police, hate the police. All cops are bastards. People will not be free until the last cop is gone. No one will breathe easy until that day.



Transcending into the Erotic

by Caroline Crisp



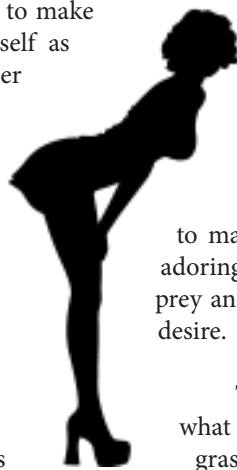
The predator vs. prey myth is harmful for women because it pushes them into an uncreative erotic transcendence. In "The Second Sex" by Simone De Beauvoir, she depicts that "Erotic transcendence consists in making herself prey in order to make a catch. She becomes an object; and she grasps herself as object; she is surprised to discover this new aspect of her being; it seems to her that she has doubled; instead of coinciding exactly with her self" (349). As long as women assume the role of prey they are allocating their subordination, inferiority and immanence. In order to be caught they become an object of seduction, then they internalize themselves as prey and eventually see themselves from an outside perspective. I will use my own example of the woman with red lips to explain how the master/slave dialect works within this. While myths are important in explaining erotic transcendence, focusing on the master/slave dialect is intrinsic to understanding how this works reciprocally among bodies. Erotic transcendence consists of the prey viewing their body from the outside and this has detrimental effects to the female psyche.

The first step of erotic transcendence is to make oneself catchable, since only objects can be caught the prey glorifies herself as a sexual object. When Beauvoir says, "She becomes an object" (349) she illustrates the objectification of the female body into a seductive

entity. As a prey, she makes herself other in order to be the image of what men want, "She aims for her body's glorification through the homage of men for whom this body is intended." (351) For the woman with red lips she wears a short skirt and high heels because she wants to highlight her feminine features in order to be the ideal mirror of what men desire. The role of the prey is to dress feminine and be the reflection of the ideal woman. She becomes static in her femininity in order to be good prey. Before she goes to the bar she tries her best to match the girl in pink by admiring herself in the mirror, adoring her red lips and long legs. In order to affirm herself as prey and himself as a predator she becomes an imitation of his desire.

Then, she finds solitude in seeing herself as the object of what men desire. The prey internalizes the mirror and, "she grasps herself as object; she is surprised to discover this new aspect of her being." (349) The prey internalizes the male gaze so that her seduction can be effective. Yet, she is unable to separate his view of herself from who she is. What she should be is handed to her by her master and she redraws this image onto her body. Beauvoir says that it is common for women to advance this image of themselves in their personal and social lives. She sees herself as object, "in the solitude of her room, in saloons where she tries to attract the gaze of others, she does not separate man's desire from the love of her own self." (350)

Beauvoir says this is an "arrogant will to be" (361) because she redraws seduction from the master's perspective instead of creating her own new images. By internalizing the seduction of her red lips and bare shoulders she holds onto a second self that



captivates the master and “envelops in itself the virtues possessed by him.” (361) For Beauvoir, the predator has the freedom to create his own virtues while the prey is a passive object that morphs into the virtues projected onto them. Then the prey accepts themselves as a reflection of what they should be according to their master. In the process the prey affirms their inferiority by internalizing the master’s mirror of femininity. For the woman with red lips, she internalizes herself as a seductive prey before she leaves her home. She caresses her shoulders and hips and revalues what she sees as most desirable about herself.

Now as she enters the bar she sees herself in two ways, herself and her seductive self. Beauvoir vocalizes this distress as though, “she has doubled instead of coinciding exactly within herself.” (349) Since she sees herself as seductive she acts upon it. The woman with red lips freely dances with her friends at the bar, they moonwalk, bump hips and are very carefree. Then, her crush walks in and everything changes. She realizes he is watching her and instead of talking to him she assumes her role as prey. She dances seductively with her friends, moves her hips in circular motions, unbuttons her blouse a bit more. She has forgotten about dancing with her friends and now she dances for her crush. She enjoys this seductive image of herself when it works as he approach her. More tragically when he does not approach her she feels as though she does not exist. She feels like she does not exist because he is not affirming her as the slave prey, even though she is trying to affirm him as the master predator. For Beauvoir, the mirror women wear is, “a portrait of a young girl in pink.” (349) It is her hyper feminine persona that uses seduction to catch the gaze of the predator. She remains a slave as long as she keeps redrawing the image of seduction given to her instead of creating her own images. In the bar, she is stuck going through the motions of what she should be doing instead of making active choices for herself. The woman with red lips has doubled because of her erotic transcendence into a sexual entity and becomes paralyzed by it.

Her seductive identity is one that exists outside of herself since it is embodied by the master’s image of her. Beauvoir reveals the isolation of being prey in that, “Here she is existing outside of herself.” (349) The woman in pink was created and presented by the master to the slave to be redrawn for him. This image of femininity is stagnant, uncreative and sterile. She as a subject is never affirmed instead her passivity is affirmed. For the woman in red lips, “there is a divorce between her properly human condition and her feminine vocation.” (348) The prey exists outside of herself because she finds honor in the image presented to her by men. When her crush is watching, the woman in red lips internalizes the glorification of her figure, makeup and seductive dancing and it takes importance over who she is as a subject. At the bar, she exists outside of herself because she needs to make sure she is accessible for her predator’s advancement. To be a good prey she must be an avenue for the transcendence of her predator. In

doing so she makes herself immanent by redrawing who she is suppose to be according to him. Beauvoir condemns the prey vs. predator myth because the girl in pink, “hopes to rekindle the magic of the paternal gaze to her advantage; she demands the love and caresses of a divinity.” (357) The prey is never truly free because it is a kind of freedom that is not responsible for itself. Instead this abstract freedom is actualized outside of herself. Her freedom depends on being watched while his freedom is concrete because he is an existent. However, the drive to create is equally embedded among men and women. Yet, the human desire for recognition explains why women comply and resist their immanence. She affirms her crush’s superiority, sovereignty, creativity, transcendence and concrete freedom by becoming prey. The absurdity of becoming a prey is that erotic transcendence confirms her inferiority, dependence, dormancy, immanence and abstract freedom in the process. To be free means to have autonomy, power, control and choice. When women are forced to act like a lady or a prey they are being robbed of their right to create their own images of femininity.

The prey and predator myth is harmful to women because it terminates their ability to make decisions for themselves. For Beauvoir an individual’s subjectivity depends on their ability to create, express and represent who they are as a person. This is intrinsic to one understanding themselves because it is exactly what separates them from others. When the woman in red redraws herself as a prey, she becomes stagnant in what seems to be desirable and submits to the limitations set before her. Her identity depends on what the predator prescribes for her. Erotic transcendence does not allow women to be subjects because they are existing outside of themselves and this is a false and tragic narrative among women.

Cited:

Beauvoir, Simone De. *The Second Sex*. New York: Vintage, Random House, Inc., 1949.

don't be
prey...



biteback!

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT



**TAKE
A
NUMBER**

To our great surprise, the Student Insurgent is prominent enough to have our very own haters—er, I mean critics. We were under the impression no one even knew we existed, not even the other students at this fucking university. So, despite the driveling nature of the critiques (just kidding), we're very touched and honored to even have critics at all. We thank you, dear readers, for caring. Let's run through these critiques.

The first was a minor jab at us by the editors of the long-running post-left anarchist journal *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*. They listed us among dozens of other allied publications they share a book-sharing service with. Every publication, library, and infoshop was given a small one or two sentence blurb describing what it was. *Student Insurgent* was described as "college kids playing anarchists." We're hurt by this, our delicate little snowflake hearts are bleeding, actually. Such an insult was especially rich coming from a publication of post-leftists who, in an issue coming out in 2015, were still salty and whining about the left-anarchist "sectarian attack" on post-leftism as a tendency by AK Press and Murray Bookchin over twenty fucking years ago. For writers purportedly concerned with a lack of comradely behavior in the anarchist movement, it's not exactly consistent of them to snidely undermine the street cred of fellow anarchists. Not that we ever claimed to have any street cred—we fully admit to being wimps, do-nothings, keyboard warriors, law-abiders, and armchair revolutionaries—but it's the principle of the damn thing!

And what the hell does it even mean to "play" as an anarchist? It's not a job or an achievement. Anarchism is a belief, and yes sometimes a praxis, but if we're criticizing praxis here, when was the last time the editors of *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed* shot President McKinley or led the Makhnovschina into battle with the Red Army or even so much as poured sugar in the gas tank of a cop car or mining company bulldozer? A:AJODA and SI are both just kooky political rags each with a smaller regular readership than there are students in an Intro to Sociology lecture here at the University of Oregon. So let's cool it with the more-radical-than-

Manning the Complaints Desk

thou statements, comrades, neither of us are exactly contributing a lot to The Cause here. I'm probably making a bigger deal out of this than necessary—for the purposes of lolz, mind you—but I propose we bury the hatchet, and end this beef. We unreadable fringe political magazines with mediocre production values gotta stick together!

The second critique we received from more than one prison



HEY DINGUS! These are anti-racist, not pro-white-pride.

administration. Among other bullshit "violations" our magazine was rejected for and denied to its intended prisoner recipient, we were accused of "inciting racial hatred" and "containing images of 'white pride.'" Now, those would be valid concerns that we would take very seriously, but the "white pride images" in question endorsed literally the opposite message from the one we are accused of promoting. These were very much anti-white-pride icons, and fairly famous ones. They depict white supremacists being beaten and kicked, and say "good night" as if these fascists are going to be beaten senseless. Bird-brained prison censorship officials apparently can't tell the difference between opposite things. But in case any other naive readers were confused when reading our last issue, we'd like to make ourselves perfectly clear: fuck white pride. Fuck white power. Fuck racism, fascism, and white supremacism. The Student Insurgent editorial collective stands unambiguously against all racial hatred, nationalism, religious sectarianism, and anti-immigrant sentiment. So get it straight, prison fun police!

The third was a condemnation for past issues of the Insurgent accepting paid advertising. I'm gonna break with the overall levity of this article and admit this is actually serious and substantive. But allow me to explain. The Student Insurgent is a magazine published entirely by undergrad college students. It's existed since 1989. Students come and students go, and they have basically total autonomy over the policies of the editorial collective. They



come for a few years, and then they graduate and leave. In past issues, apparently, SI accepted paid advertising within its pages. The current editorial collective, which contains all new members, has no contact with or even knowledge

of the older members of the collective who graduated years ago. We condemn their decision to accept paid advertising, and in all the issues the current collective has produced, starting from Volume 27.1 on, we have not allowed any advertising. The current collective believes that advertising unacceptably compromises editorial independence, and also is a crucial weapon of a destructive capitalist society. As such, we reject all advertising. We hope to regain credibility and the trust of our readers.

The fourth critique was comradely enough, but still a misconception. Our correspondent over at The Campaign to Play For Keeps over in Albany, New York, took issue with some wording we used in the Power Issue back in the fall of 2016. In my article "After The Electoral Extravaganza" I said: "Now is as good a time as any to get off your ass and fight back. You must throw your bodies onto the gears of the death machine and bring it sputtering to a halt!" Our correspondent felt this was problematic advice: anyone preaching self-sacrifice is usually selling something and we should be wary. I completely agree, but I think he was taking my wording a tad too literally. Actually getting yourself hurt or killed for The Cause is not something I would encourage anyone to do, unless they personally felt there was a lot to be gained from doing so, and they didn't mind the danger. Our correspondent helpfully suggested throwing a wrench into the gears of the death machine, rather than throwing your own body onto them. While perhaps too literal, this is essentially what I meant, and better said. Do what you must to disrupt the smooth operation of power and capitalism, but by no means should you sacrifice yourself, especially not willy-nilly or out of some perverted sense of duty. Even the more minor sacrifices, like getting arrested, are accepted far too readily by activists as would-be martyrs. There's no honor in taking it on the chin, there's no honor in being oppressed. There's obviously an inherent risk to any act of resistance, but you should always try to minimize the risk you're in. No one is more important than you yourself.

The fifth criticism came from none other than the editor of The Match, an ultra-obscure anarchist periodical published by Fred Woodworth, atheist and anarchist without adjectives. Woodworth

is old-fucking-school. Not a primitivist but he opposes computers, his pamphlet-sized rag uses all old-fashioned typography, no computers or digital technology is used whatsoever. And Woodworth, in a little slip of paper stuck in the pages of the last issue of the Match, gave us what he called "friendly and constructive advice", encouraging us to avoid all caps text, avoid white text on black backgrounds, remove "clutter," and avoid using so much color everywhere. Here's some choice quotes from his six-point advice:

Obviously if you run copy in all-caps AND in a reverse, the readership of such things is almost nil.

Extremely cluttered layout contributes to a look of amateurishness, which inevitably carries over to a downgrading of readers' assessments of your ideas.

If you are really serious about publishing, get some books on typography and study them.

Well, Woodworth, we actually pride ourselves on producing an amateurish, unreadable, low-production value rag. What you see as our rookie mistakes are actually intentional garishness and ugliness. We're steeped in the culture of punk rock, we see the value in snot-nosed brattiness. The DIY aesthetic spreads the empowering notion to all readers that anyone can produce zines and propaganda, and everyone should. Expertise locks away power from the masses and keeps it in the ivory tower, in corporate offices in far-away bureaucracies, in the mysterious "they".

And lastly there is T. T is an old man, an activist veteran, who hangs around the ROAR Center and strongly encourages us all to build communes and create a new communist party on the model of the old Black Panther Party. T read the introduction to the Party Issue, wherein, among other things, we encouraged throwing eggs and toilet paper at oppressors, and he said it was "disgusting." T isn't exactly plugged in to the modern radical left scene, and he has lots of complaints about direct action tactics and black blocs, he thinks they'll alienate the Masses, who we are responsible for converting to the holy gospel of Marxism-Leninism. All we can say to T is that police brutality and grand juries are disgusting! And we find the concept of professionalized revolutionaries is disgusting! Eggs and toilet paper are our grenades and ammunition!

So those are our responses to our critics. If you have a criticism of the Student Insurgent or anything inside it, here's what you should do: get a nice ink pen, write us a handwritten complaint or criticism, sign it, put it in an envelope, seal it, address it to us, slap a stamp on there—and then shove it up your fucking ass because we don't wanna hear it!

Just kidding, we actually really enjoy hearing from readers (except the fucking assholes who run the prisons and reject us every time), even if they don't like what we have to say. Just knowing that anyone out there is reading our magazine, and knowing that we're not just farting into the wind; that really gets us right in the feelings bone.

Nothing
is more
to me
than
myself!



Some Things Will Never Change

Jason Bennett

Any prisoner (especially in the state of Florida) will tell you that the institutional grievance process is a broken system and simply does not work. Injustices against our basic human rights occur frequently every day and nothing is done to resolve these issues. Complaints about medical treatment, access to fresh air and exercise, nutritious meals and much more go unnoticed as administration denies any wrongdoing. It seems nothing will change.

Long timers know if you grieve an issue dealing with security, you're liable to receive a beating, an undesirable job change, or even a transfer to a more hostile environment. As inmates we've learned to deal with certain issues and have just accepted it as "this is prison," despite the continual physical and emotional distress we endure.

But when is enough, enough? Okay, so we steer clear of security, but what about issues dealing with our health care, food/nutrition and/or our religious preference? We feel relatively safe grieving issues in these areas because most institutions employ private companies to handle these affairs. Prison officials don't mind if you grieve them because it doesn't affect them. Besides, they will just deny your complaint with a blanket boilerplate response, who cares?

One of the current issues we face is dealing with Trinity Food Services, our "food" provider. It is no secret that prison food is horrible, and that's when it's cooked properly! However, when Trinity fails to ensure certain standards are met, we are the ones who must suffer.

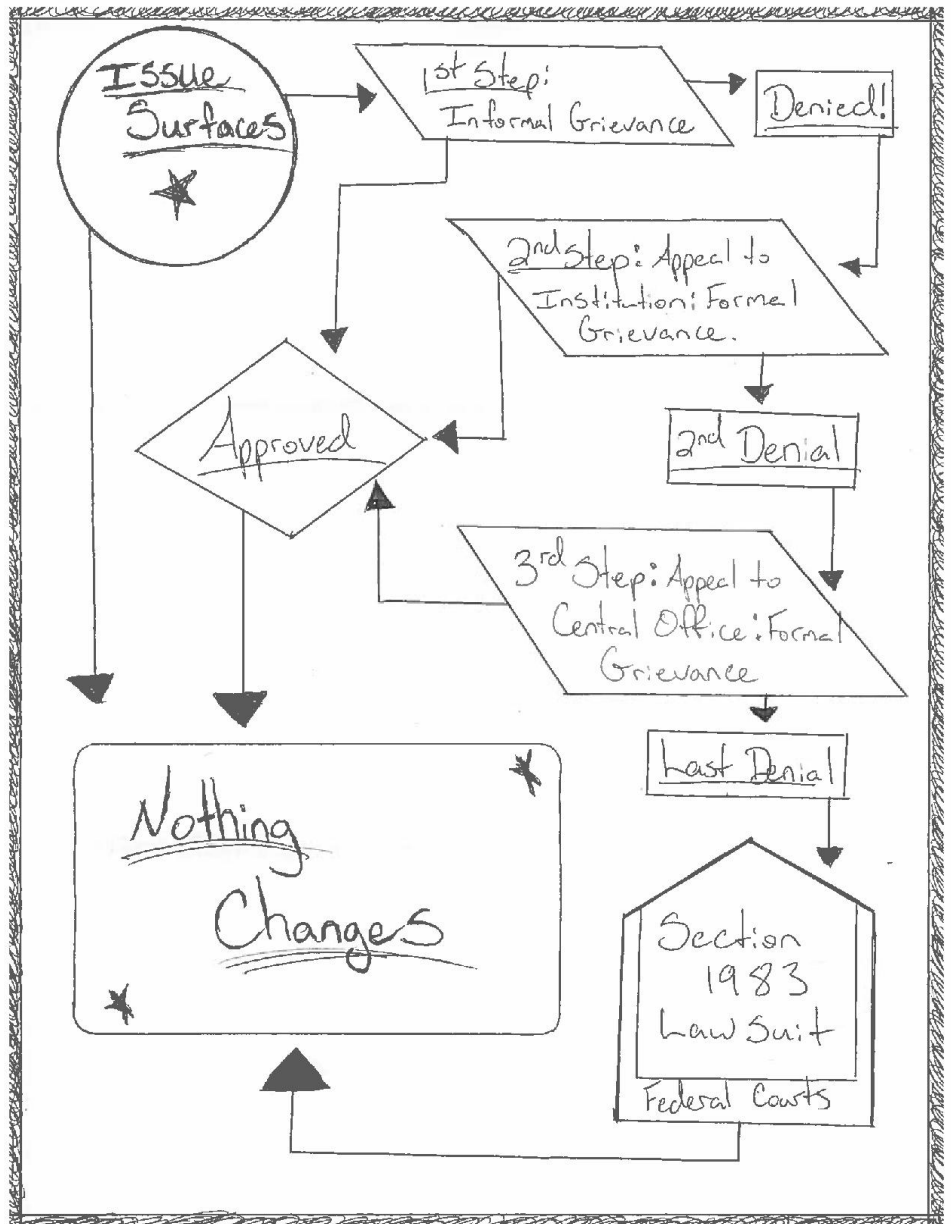
I've submitted over 25 grievances in the last six months for issues related to proper portions, improperly cooked items (raw chicken), items completely missing from the tray, and of course sanitation (see enclosed grievance). There's been complaints about prison food for as long as prison has existed, but this is still no excuse for the mistreatment. For us, this is additional punishment when we are ignored. Especially since Trinity has the menu posted online for the public to view. They claim to serve healthy meals, when in reality, they are not living up to their end of the contract.

What's different now from when prisons first opened their gates? Well first, Trinity is a private for-profit company contracted with DOC and whose sole mission is to turn a profit. Secondly, Trinity just so happens to be our canteen providers as well, earning even more profit from inmates. Trinity can't profit nearly as much when inmates eat from the chow hall, but will earn vastly more by selling items in the canteen at marked up prices.

One package of ramen noodles soup that costs anywhere from 12 cents to 25 cents in a convenience store will cost us 70 cents each. Prices are subject to rise every six months, as they stipulated in their contract. It's in Trinity's best interest to divert us from eating in the chow hall to spend what little bit of cash we have on their outrageously priced items.

Something else I would like to investigate is how many prison officials own investments/stock in these private companies? Is this one of the reasons why officials won't approve these grievances that are in plain aberration of standards they claim to uphold? It's truly astounding that every single grievance is denied with the same exact response. Does anyone actually read these things? No! Many issues are so obvious and even some of their own officers will testify the food provided is not what the menu lists. Have we no redress?

Let's examine the grievance process a little further (see enclosed flow chart!). First, you must submit an informal grievance and



allow the one whom you are grieving an opportunity to correct their wrong doing. On my food service grievances, the response usually stats: "All items are provided as verified by staff!" This is a blatant lie!

Next, we proceed by appealing at the Institutional level with the Formal Grievance. We state our facts and cite officers who are willing to testify that items are missing, only to receive a denial stating: "the response you received on Informal Grievance #xxx-xxxx has been reviewed and is found to appropriately address the concerns that you raised. There is nothing further this office can add." What? Really? Did you even read my complaint or interview your officers? No.

Lastly, to exhaust your administrative remedies, you may appeal to the Central Office with another Formal Grievance. Nothing happens here either. Every response states: "The response at the institutional level has been reviewed and is found to appropriately address the concerns that you raised at the institutional level as well as the central office level." Every grievance is denied, denied, denied! And to top it all off, each response back is exactly the same, it's like they just copy and paste and change the numbers!

The last avenue we have for relief seems to be through the court system. Most prisoners who wish to challenge abuse or mistreatment

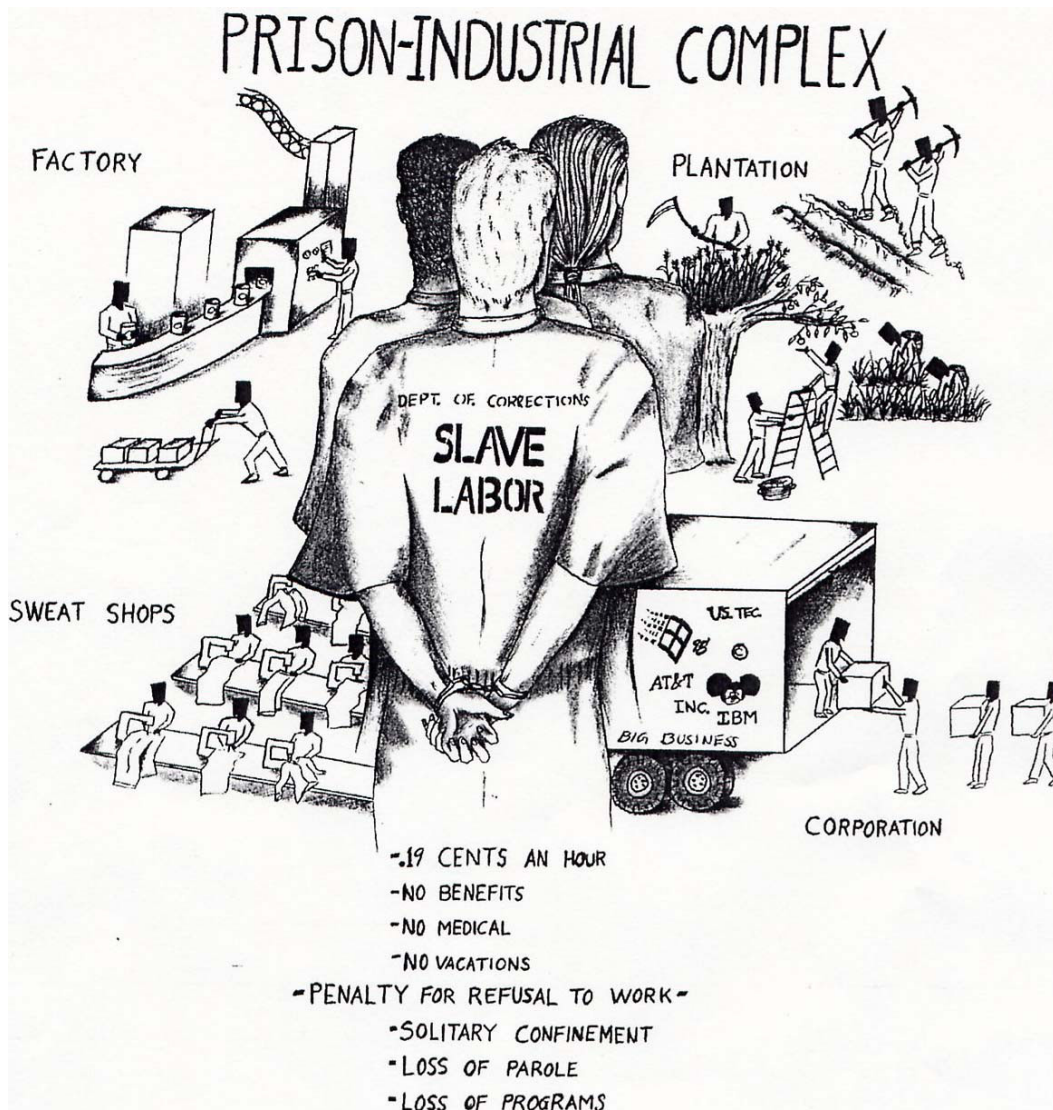
in prison may do so through a federal law known as "section 1983." This is the vehicle anyone can take to challenge something done by a state employee. At one point, this was a means to an end for prisoners. Then in 1996 Congress signed into law the Prison Litigation Reform Act (PLRA). The PLRA is very anti-prisoner and is designed to limit prisoners' access to the courts. Congress was led to believe that prisoners file mountains of unimportant lawsuits because they have a lot of time on their hands and wish to harass the government. The real truth was ignored: that prisoners file a lot of lawsuits because they are subjected to a lot of unjust treatment.

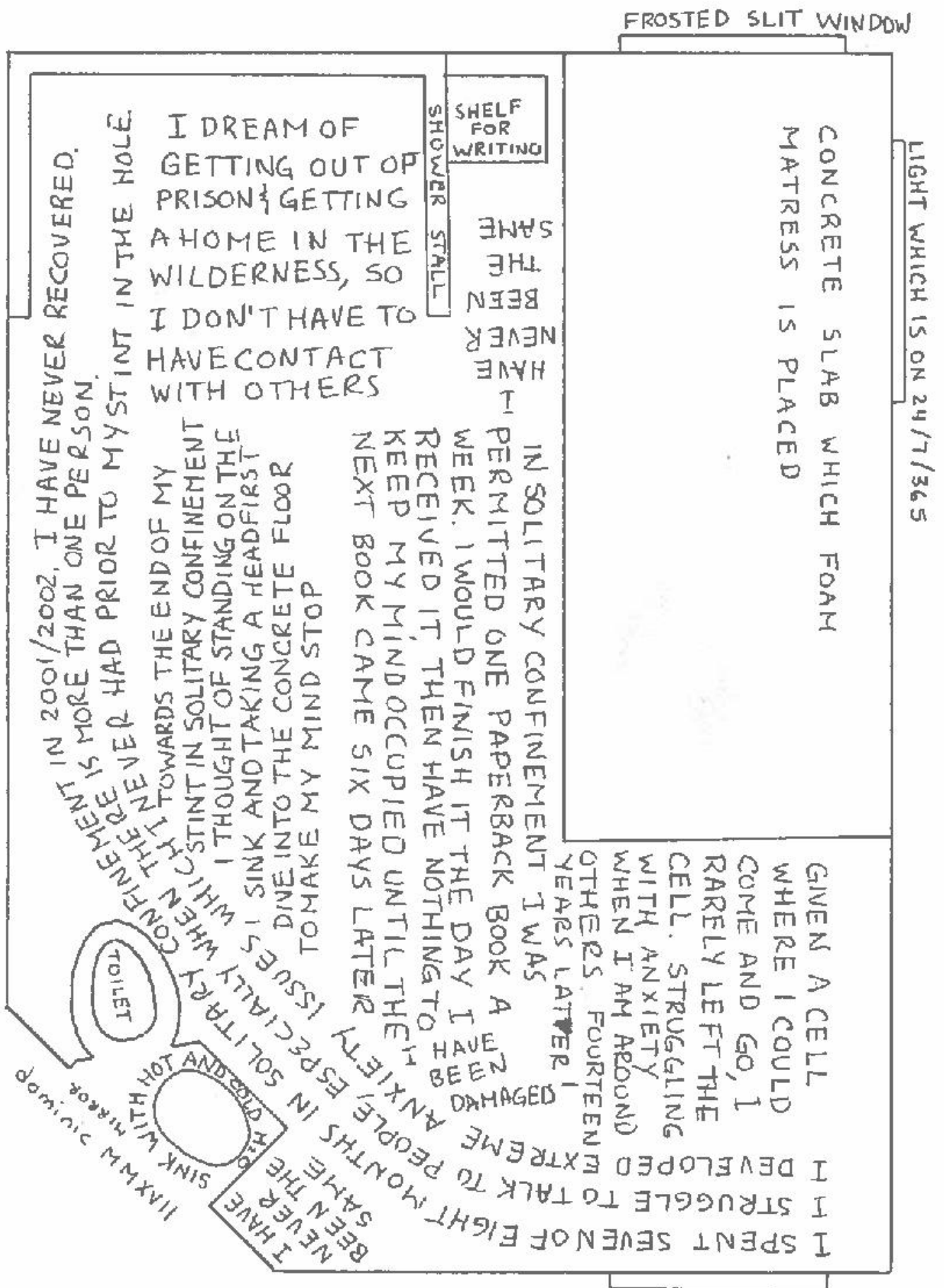
Unfortunately, the PLRA restricts access to the courts by imposing many rules, regulations, and financial burdens on the inmate. Not to mention that filing a lawsuit properly requires more than just a basic understanding of the law. Obtaining the legal knowledge and financial means to proceed are very difficult to accomplish while serving time. Prison officials know this all too well and take advantage of the fact that pro-se legislation is difficult. Most inmates won't even attempt due to the intricacies of the law and financial burden imposed by the PLRA.

When is enough, enough? Unless someone has the time and legal knowledge to take on these private companies, endless resources, and over-priced lawyers; positive change is but a distant dream. What relief does a regular Joe hope to obtain if even a professional prison lawyer is not guaranteed victory against such an oppressive system?

I suggest one avenue we can take to begin getting our complaints recognized. Every grievance must go through administrative process and this takes up many hours of these peoples' time that can be better spent lounging in the employee break room or yelling at inmates on the yard. So file away! Even if they get denied. Denying thousands of grievances from thousands of inmates every day can become quite burdensome. Eventually, administration will have to actually read the complaint and take action. Maybe they'll realize, "hey maybe we should pay some more attention to this or we won't have any free time."

Once we have our basic necessities and rights restored, we can begin to focus on our future and learn how we are going to support ourselves, our families, and our loved ones. Without the distractions of fighting civil rights abuses, we can concentrate on success instead of having to study the intricacies and legalese of statutes and laws.





dominic Marak studied history and political science at Wisconsin-Whitewater. He has been in the Wisconsin prison system since 1999.

Art by Dominic Marak



inflicted.

punishments

unusual

Cruel and

...Nor

No Future: Climate Change, Dread, and World-Historical Pessimism

The birth of punk rock in the 1970s gave us a two-word slogan: "No Future."

The birth of punk rock in the 1970s gave us a two-word slogan: "No Future." Johnny Rotten moaned it repeatedly in the refrain of the famous single "God Save Queen." The phrase encapsulated the ethos of punk rock and an incipient anarchism that was finally being re-born in the Western world in the 1960s and 70s after it had been fundamentally smashed in the 1930s. It was also a rejection of the optimism and hopey-changey aesthetic that had characterized the hippie movement, which punk was a rejection of. Contra the hopes for peace and revolution, the era punk was born in promised only continued war and misery, and no revolution forthcoming. And in the 80s with the rise of Ronald Reagan, whose foolish cowboy hawkishness threatened the world with nuclear holocaust, the case for pessimism and hopelessness seemed even stronger. There would be no future; Ronnie and his Soviet counterparts would snuff it out. Of this, many punks felt certain.

We somehow got through that one alive. And the 80s ended with an inspiring revolutionary wave across Europe and indeed the world, ushering in the 90s and the end of the Cold War. For the first time since the 1960s there appeared to be hope, a possible future.

But at the present moment, I think that ray of light has been just about fully choked out by now. Whatever hope we might have had was squandered, because a new crisis is upon us, somehow actually worse than the possibility of nuclear war, and it is climate change.

Unlike the threat of nuclear holocaust, which could be solved with relatively minor political changes and a series of perfectly feasible disarmament agreements, climate change is a far less surmountable challenge. Solving the problem of climate change will require a total overhaul of the prevailing economic system and most likely a significant drop in the standard of living (real and perceived) for the world's most privileged populations: the First World. This overhaul is clearly not forthcoming, in fact not even token measures

to address out of control carbon emissions appear possible in the present political climate of most of the world's major economies: the US, Russia, China, UK, France, and Japan. And what is required is not token measures: oil, coal, and gas need to become too expensive for anyone to use. That's simply not feasible in our current economy. The entire Western middle-class lifestyle is predicated on this cheap energy: cars, air travel, meat at every meal, input-intensive agriculture, limitless home electricity at all hours of the day. Capitalism cannot continue to exist, barring catastrophic capital destruction like what would be seen from fifty simultaneous World Wars, under the condition that fossil fuels become unusable.

And so what is the alternative? The snail-like but unstoppable march of climate change. A slow-motion apocalypse. A series of escalating crises, compounding one another, over the next century, that will kill literally billions of human beings, and make civilized, comfortable life impossible for all but an extremely small elite. Drought-





NO FUTURE

induced famines will devastate Africa and South Asia and global food prices will rise exponentially. National and regional economies will collapse as the possibility of growth is more or less permanently ruined because of water scarcity and sky-high prices for food and energy. The resulting revolts, genocides, civil wars, and inter-state wars will, in addition to killing tens of millions, also generate unprecedented refugee crises that will surely overtax state authorities and generate further genocides. Look at the racial anxiety provoked in Europe by the relatively tiny refugee crisis from Syria (the civil war there was itself caused in part by a drought, exacerbated by climate change). A mere one million refugees in a continent of 800 million people and it has already doubled the electoral fortunes of far-right and neo-Nazi parties who promise to expel or exterminate all migrants and refugees.

And to top it all off, there will almost certainly be one or more nuclear wars as a response to all the geopolitical mayhem wreaked by these crises. One can easily imagine economically wrecked conditions in the Middle East leading to war between, say, Saudi Arabia and Iran, that escalates into a nuclear conflict should the nuclear-armed allies of these states become involved. And plenty more states will surely pursue nuclear arsenals of their own as the global security situation worsens. So that's another billion or so deaths we can assume will occur because of climate change.

Certainly my own death if the US is involved in any nuclear war.

Knowing all of this is to come leaves me feeling more than a little anxious. Certain doom is not exactly a comfortable fate to wrap your head around. How is anyone supposed to live their life, going to school, going to work, paying rent, buying groceries, planning to raise a family, planning what to do after being released from prison, with this hanging over them? How insane is it to watch elections take place in various countries where this isn't even a political issue? How can anyone even bother to care about deficits and foreign debt and trade policy when we know there is an asteroid careening towards us that we're completely defenseless against? We're living in what is quite possibly the end of human history, and many seem unbothered by this! Granted it's pretty easy to ignore when the vast majority of the suffering caused by climate change is experienced by people far away in the Global South: in Syria, in the Pacific, in Somalia (where a drought-induced famine rages at the time of writing), in Central African Republic.

Probably for the rest of my life a nagging dread will always lurk in the back of my mind: the knowledge that all my life's efforts will probably be for naught because the planet's fucked anyway. Powerless and hopeless, I sit alone in the shadow of history. How's that for angst?

Trans Prison Rap

by The Notorious Chi Chi Ice, 100% Indian Savage
Ka-ching, my bitches, Ka-ching!

Hi folks!

I finally got yours -- thank you so much! You asked for trans input. You said "gender dysphoria" [in the call for submissions to the angst issue]. Never use that term. Just say "trans." This is trans prison rap. I know you never heard of it -- no one has, because we're so shot away back here. Don't trip on our rhetoric -- just read "Don't Tell Me Shit!" I'm sending 5 pieces from my collection. Use them as you will.

See ya,
La Chi Chi Ice!

Don't Tell Me Shit!

Don't tell me shit about my gutter language
My mother language
The only language understood in the hood
Second to the glock
Jungle talk
One hundred percent savage, like me.

No no no,
Don't pardon my badgirl ways,
Totally disregarding what the fuck you thinking.

Don't ask to see my tits.
I'm not like somebody else,
Caught up in the rat dash,
Give anybody a flash.

I don't give psych interviews,
Keep everybody confused,
Totally on P's and Q's.

No no no,
Fuck the inkblot test,
I won't put your fears to rest.

No Commercials, Please

It's four o'clock in the morning and the sun is up, time to throw down my daily
kickup. In a gray concrete cell, no paint, with nothing to drink but water casue coffee
makes me nervous and I don't need it anyhow, cause I'm always up twenty hours a
day anyway.

As soon as a bitch wakes up in the morning the coin is already in the air, the bones
rolling, and it's just a matter of minutes and hours before they hit and the cat falls,
because fate can be called but reality is a motherfucker.

Another day of reality bitches on ice, girls too fast for the radar, in the trenches of
survival, drama Queens with box cutters on a stage of cardboard actors, armies of
sell soldiers, legions of liars, fake ballers, rug crawlers, where Queens are crowned
and some real men are still around.

Bitches on ice, in the gutter, in the gutters of ice, locked down in the slush of
maximum reality, where the free world is just another commercial on TV, gotta
change the channel, gotta keep real-time, caught in a snow storm of fast reality, a
walk-thru Sudoku puzzle where your every move must be right or everything goes
wrong, where slammed, damned, and crammed is the program, where sirens and
sniper fire and night spotlights and electric fences increase your attention span,
where lizards and sparrows and cellmates are your only pets, where each day the
gong show gets louder, where silence is a fourth wish on an empty genie bottle,
where each face is a card for the players, where real-time doesn't go like clockwork,
where boys bitch and bitches fight to stay alive and not each one is a rose cause
some are poison ivy just to keep insane or die, where it's too late to get born again,
where there's no way out, where the game must go on, where the sun comes up
at four o'clock in the morning, where the reality channel is live with breaking news
twenty hours a day and the lights never go out, back here, in the gutter of supersonic
reality, where the rest of the world is just a commerical, too mutherfucken unreal...

Far from Home

Another multiple-personality day,
Too many people in the way,
Get me in a frown,
Gonna throw it all down,
Release the girl hound,
Sic my rude attitude on a dude --
It's just a prelude!

No men, please,
I never tease.
I do not mean to press it,
Cause I'm strictly girlorexic!

I'm the bitch in the rough,
The bitch with the fluff,
Straight from the tits,
The bitch who never quits.
No one is gonna fill our cup --
Bitches gotta girl up!

"You crazy!" motherfuckers say.
It's true.
Kicking up ice a bitch gotta go crazy,
Bitch gotta stay crazy,
Cant's slip and get lazy,
Cop a flip top box way on the lock.
No Joke, no smoke,
No mime, no bitch rhyme --
I'm outta time!

On islands of ice,
Slogging in the slush,
Daydreaming, nightmaring,
Waiting on a bus.
Will I get a letter today,
Feel less alone?
A bitch on ice,
So far from the sanity of home.

The Queen Machine (Transexual Divas)

We are them street queens everyone loves to hate
Don't hesitate,
Even them upperclass transexual bitches,
Cops, Priests, and Snitches.
They hate us and we love every bit of it,
On ice and click click.
We are them bitches in the gutter no other,
The criminal variety, discounted by society.
We are them slum hoz and shu hoz and ghetto girls,
Always in a swirl turning boys and girls,
Baby cholas raised on the rez, we says.
Got AK's, Carbines and Mac 9's,
And box cutters straight up from the gutters.
We hear evil, see evil, speak evil, and do evil,
Or what the fuck is wrong with us?!
Hear us cuss!
Do or die, slice the pie, in bitches we trust, all others lie.
Ice queens on click click and cie.
Be nice or pay the price.
Hang with us and you will gag,
If you're lacking, and just yaking,
And nothing but a fake ass fag.
We are them street queens on the gutter scene.
We are what you look at and are astound,
Cause we don't let you put the queens down.
Pull out a gun, see haters run,
Oh what fun!
For ours is the fight with no flight, get it right.
We are the queen machine:
Watch your step, watch our laser beam.

Girl-girl

Squeeze me,
In your arms.
Let them slither,
Like pythons,
Over my body.

Touch me,
Once again,
With the power of your hands.
Let them knead my breasts,
The mouths of twin boas.

Let me taste,
Once more,
The eternity of your rainbow.

Seek my tongue,
With vampiric thirst.
Scratch me,
With sado-talons.
Bite me,
Everywhere.
Grip my mons,
And pull,
Slowly.

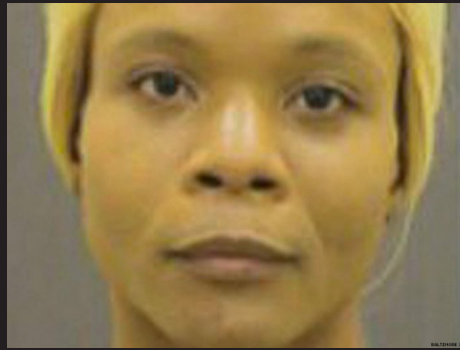


Rest in Power

Nine Trans Women of Color Killed in 2017 Jan-May



Chay Reed – Miami-Dade (April 19), 28 years old



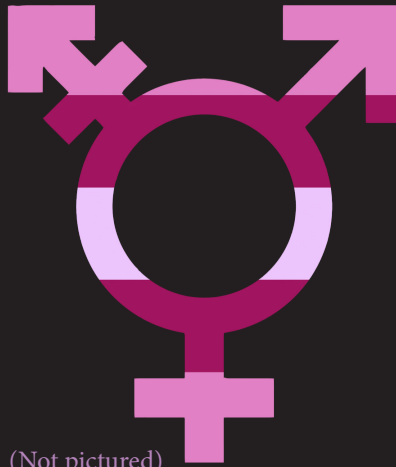
Alphonza Watson – Baltimore (March 22), 38 years old



Chyna Gibson – New Orleans (February 25), 31 years old



Jaquarrius Holland (Brown) – Monroe, Louisiana (February 19), 18 years old



(Not pictured)
Brenda Bostick – New York City (April 25), 59 years old



KeKe Collier – Chicago (February 21), 24 years old



Jamie Lee Wounded Arrow – Sioux Falls (January 7), 28 years old



Ciara McElveen – New Orleans (February 27), 26 years old



Mesha Caldwell – Mississippi (January 4), 41 years old

End the murder of trans women of color.

Black trans lives matter.
Native trans lives matter.

REST IN PEACE BRAVE HEROES



Taliesin Myrddin Namkai Meche, 23



Ricky John Best, 53

On Friday, May 26, 2017, in Portland, Oregon, an atrocity occurred. Known neo-Nazi scumbag, Jeremy Christian, began to scream at and harass two Muslim women on the train, one was wearing a hijab, a headcovering. Bystanders stepped in to intervene and get the man to stop, to which he responded by pulling a knife and stabbing three. He slashed the throats of two of his victims, Meche and Best, who both died. He seriously wounded another, Micah Fletcher, who will fortunately survive his injuries. Christian fled but was caught and arrested by Portland police. Christian had been photographed and filmed recently at far-right "free speech rallies" where he was seen to be calling for the deaths of all Jews, Muslims, and those he called "fake Christians." This should tell you all you need to know about



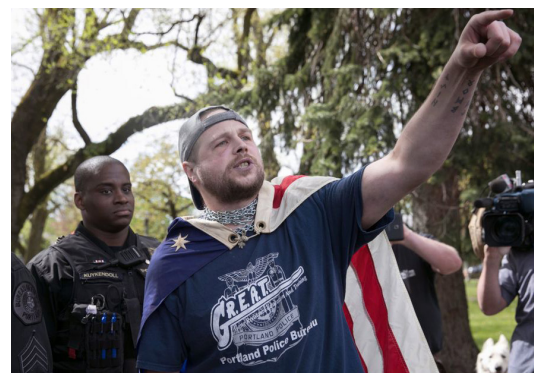
Micah Fletcher, 21

white supremacists and free speech. They want it for themselves, but they're ready to murder people with opinions or religions they don't like.

This is what fascism looks like: random acts of terror. Nazis are stupid thugs who love to pick fights and are quick to violence. And they don't believe in voting for some hypothetical future fascist society where their enemies are killed and terrorized, they intend to kill and terrorize the people they hate today. They intend for us to live in fear, in constant anxiety of their next terroristic attack. We can't allow that. We have to meet their violence with self-defense. They'll start shit, but we will fucking end it.



Here is the
Nazi scum who
did it, Jeremy
Christian.



In Eugene, Tensions Rise; Fascists Test The Waters



Commentators in every corner of the Internet and in every publication have taken notice of how the election of Donald Trump has bolstered the confidence of all manner of fascist scum: white nationalists, the alt-right, neo-Nazis, “Red-pilled” misogynist clowns. Once banished to the darkest, grimmest corners of the Internet and afraid to show their faces and symbols in public, they are now increasingly entering the public arena, distributing propaganda, and making threatening displays of strength. Once the intimidated, they are now attempting to become the intimidators. This is a nationwide, and indeed an international phenomenon, but the medium-size town of Eugene, Oregon, home to the Student Insurgent, has not been spared the antics and threats of fascists.

An escalating series of incidents has taken place over the past several months. Bikers have started flying the Confederate battle flag on the backs of their motorcycles, and longtime local neo-Nazi, Jimmy Marr, has taken to driving a pickup truck around town and up the interstate highway with two large swastikas painted on it, sporting slogans like “Blue Lives Matter But Jew Lies Matter More” (note the intersection of reactionary support for police and open neo-Nazism). In October 2016, Marr was arrested for misdemeanor disorderly conduct for playing recorded speeches of 20th century Italian fascist Julius Evola over a loudspeaker at his home. But that didn’t slow him down. Marr, on April 20, Hitler’s birthdate, drove his swastika-emblazoned truck to the University

of Oregon campus with a compatriot named Chad. Marr, with his characteristic taste for the bizarre and theatrical, played bagpipes and wore tartan, claiming something nonsensical to the effect that he wasn’t a Nazi because he was Scottish. Unfortunately, Jimmy and Chad left campus unharmed, though a crowd of a hundred students shouted at and insulted the two boneheads and a rabbi sang in Hebrew, taunting the anti-Semites with lyrics about how the Jews survive (while the Nazis are dead).

Unfortunately, public theatrics aren’t all the fash are up to in Eugene. Several months ago, Nazis hit a dozen locations around town with racist graffiti, including some on the wall of a local DIY art space and music venue, the Boreal. And since then, the University of Oregon campus and places all over town have been constantly plastered with stickers bearing nazi, alt-right, and white nationalist slogans, images, and other bullshit. Some have even been threatening. The Student Insurgent’s own newspaper boxes around the UO campus have been targeted specifically by the fascists, including a defacement in marker. Local anti-fascists and community organizers have quickly mobilized to respond to these incitements. Graffiti has been covered up or washed away, and almost all the fascist stickers are noticed and taken down within a day.

And it doesn’t stop there. The racist scum have escalated to violent threats on several occasions now. Two months ago a middle-aged black man in town was threatened with a gun and called racial slurs. And two weeks before writing this, a man showed up at the local Muslim community center, brandishing a knife and threatening to kill everyone inside. The worshippers say they have concerns about their safety at the mosque in such a political climate, and have enlisted sympathetic local community members to do security.

All of these incidents need to be understood in a context. This context is a steady, gradual increase of tension. The fascists are testing limits, and pushing the boundaries. They’re trying to ascertain what will be tolerated, what will be accepted. They’re trying to get their foot in the door and grow their presence. If the



propaganda stickers and the public appearances are simply accepted as a few kooks contributing to the public discourse, and if the violent threats and incidents are ignored as merely a small and unremarkable portion of the general social problem of crime, the fascists will have gotten their foot in the door, and attained the breathing room and organizational capacity to grow into something bigger. And that “something bigger” is always far more worrisome than stickers and impromptu bagpipe performances. That something bigger is a militant fascist street presence, it’s no longer isolated threats to Muslims and Jews but constant threats, and invariably it escalates to serious hate crimes: vandalism, assaults and murders.

It’s already happened in this region in the past few years and even in the past few weeks. Artist Ilma Gore who painted Donald Trump naked was given a black eye by a bonehead shouting “Trump 2016!” last May. In 2010 a member of Portland Anti-Fascist Action was shot and paralyzed. In January an anti-fascist and Wobbly at the University of Washington was shot and wounded by a Trump



Marr getting friendly with local cops

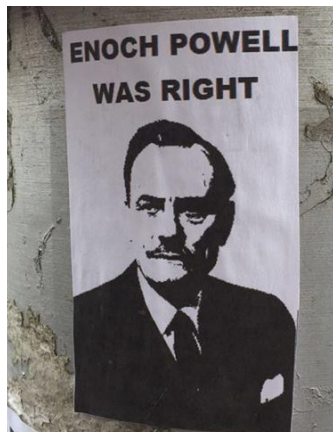
in his screaming and harassment of two Muslim women on the subway.

The fascists have guns, they fetishize violence, and they seek to stomp out their enemies. The only response we have is collective self-defense. Local community organizers and anti-fascists have so far pursued a strategy of opposing the nazis without fighting, and the nazis have tried repeatedly to goad us into a fight. The situation is dark, but anti-fascists are committed to disrupting the propaganda and organizing efforts of the local fascists, and to not surrendering or buckling under their intimidation and threats of violence. The only strength the fascists have is intimidating everyone else into inaction. It worked in Germany, but we won’t let it work here.

Gallery of Fascist Stickers & Graffiti



Occult Nazi “black sun” sticker



Enoch Powell was a far-right Member of Parliament in the UK in the 1960s, claimed immigration to the UK would lead to “rivers of blood.”



Pro-Trump stickers on our newspaper rack, trying to taunt us.



Anti-“cultural Marxism” sticker. Refers to conspiracy theories that global Jewish elites use postmodernism to undermine traditional values.



Many Nazis proclaim there is an ongoing “white genocide” that they are resisting. This sticker purports to oppose “white genocide.”



The three arrows are the logo of the Iron Front, an anti-fascist paramilitary from Germany in the 1930s. Crossed out, it’s anti-anti-fascist, otherwise known as pro-fascist.

Talk like an INSURGENT

ACAB: All Cops Are Bastards!

Alt-Right: A right wing political ideology based in white supremacy, sexism, and homophobia.

Anarchy: A utopian society of individuals who enjoy complete freedom without government rule.

Bigot: A person who is intolerantly devoted to their own opinions and prejudices.

Capitalism: A political ideology where a country's trade and industry is controlled by private owners (rather than state) for profit.

Communism: A political ideology in which all property is publicly owned and each person works and is paid according to their abilities and needs.

Fascism: Any form of behavior perceived as autocratic, intolerant, or oppressive.

Hegemony: A dominant set of rules or ideas that become societal "norms".

Ideology: A system of ideas that people may live their lives by.

Institutionalized Racism: Institutionalized racism is a form of racism which is structured into political and social institutions to discriminate against certain groups of people and to limit their rights; most notably in housing, education, voting, and employment.

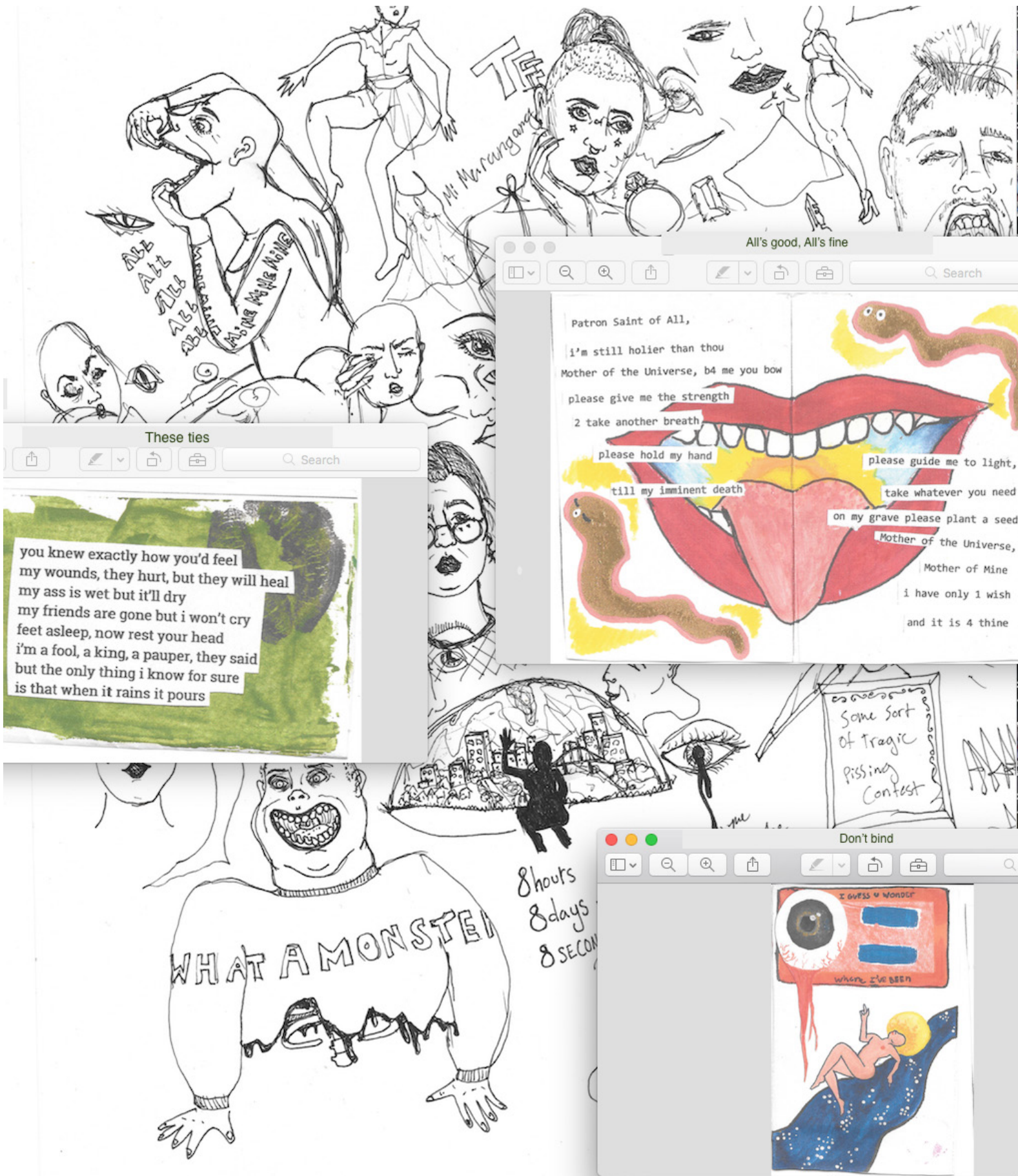
Insurgent: One who rises in revolt against constituted authority.

Neo-Liberalism: A modified form of liberalism trending to favor free market capitalism.

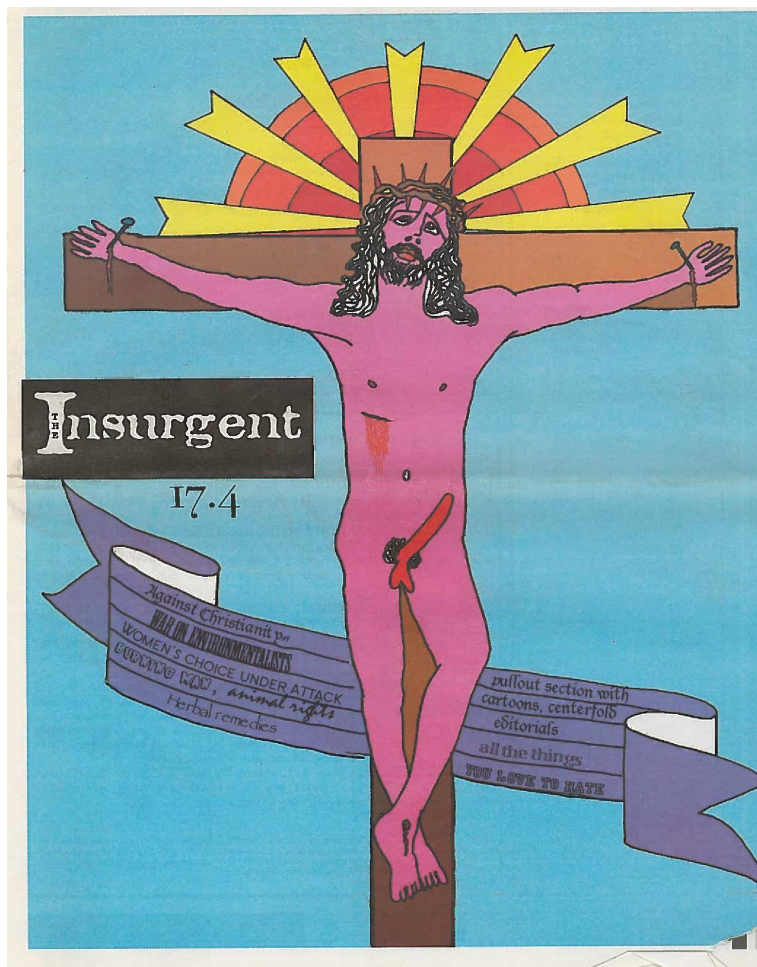
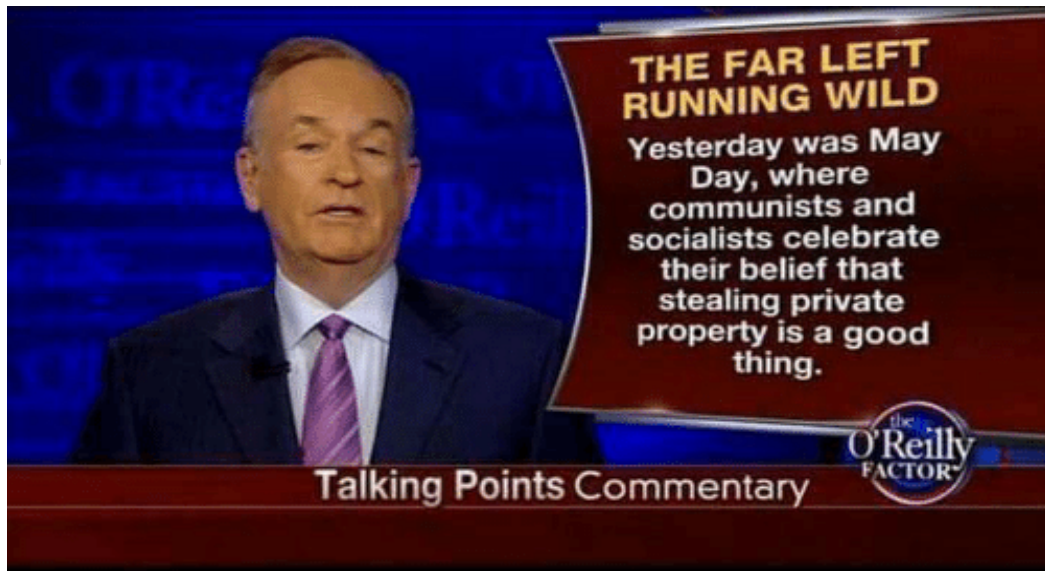
Prison-Industrial Complex (PIC): A term used to describe the overlapping interests of government and industry that uses surveillance, policing and imprisonment as solutions to economic, social and political problems.

(Agent) Provocateur: A person who intentionally provokes other people into some illegal activity so that they might be convicted.

Radical: Advocating thorough or far-reaching social reform.



O'Reilly's
Dead But
We Live
On!



Long ago, in the distant year of 2006, the Student Insurgent published a highly controversial issue, Volume 17.4. SI at the time was more of a newspaper, publishing smaller issues but putting them out far more frequently. And the editorial collective at the time published a rather, um, controversial image of Jesus on the front page. Christ is being crucified on the cross, naked... with a big red erection. Within the hallowed pages, a few more satirical and disrespectful images of Christ appeared as well.

This was around the time of Jyllands-Posten Muhammad cartoons controversy. Remember that? A Danish newspaper published twelve cartoons depicting the Prophet Muhammad in various satirical and insulting situations. It inspired mass

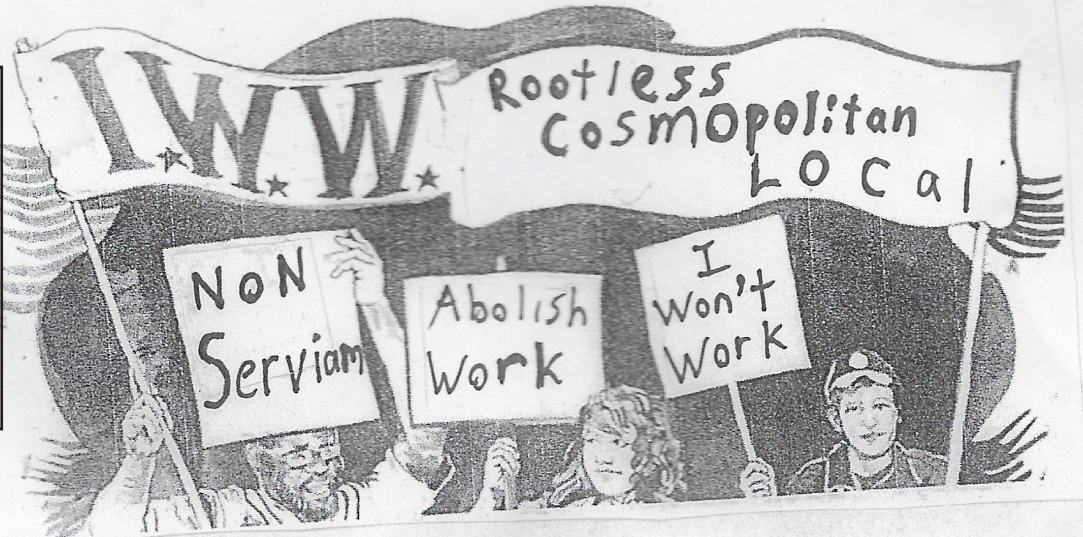
rage across the Muslim world, including a couple deadly riots in Middle Eastern countries and even some smashed windows in a few European countries. It became sort of a political fiasco as the values of freedom of expression were pitted (some say pitted unnecessarily) against the values of tolerance for other religions, as well as respect for Muslim immigrants in Europe, who are a stigmatized and marginalized minority in most European countries. Political opportunists of all stripes latched onto the controversy, and Islamophobic hatred flared across the West.

The SI editorial collective, having always been creative geniuses, decided to use this opportunity to prank the sanctimonious Christian right and make a point about the dangers of all religious fundamentalists. Racist Islamophobe commentators on Fox News had used the violent outbursts from the controversy to paint Muslims and Islam as barbaric and opposed to freedom. Some Muslims had called for images of Muhammad to be banned, by law, or for a boycott of Danish businesses, especially the Jyllands-Posten newspaper itself. I'm not going to mince words: that was an overreaction. But falling right into our devious trap, the Christian right loonies in America overreacted with similar outrage and frothing at the mouth in response to our offensive portrayals of their religious figure, Jesus. Bill O'Reilly in particular heard about us, an ultra-obscure student newspaper, and he was infuriated. He called for the Student Insurgent to be banned, its funding revoked, and when that didn't happen, he demanded the Oregon state legislature fire the president of University of Oregon. And when nothing happened, we claimed victory. The Student Insurgent emerged unscathed, funding intact, not banned. Eat shit, Billy.

And eleven years later, O'Reilly's career has finally succumbed after decades of sexual harassment lawsuits. The dude's a fucking creep and when he was gone on vacation, Fox News fired his ass and ended his long-running conservative propaganda show. But the Student Insurgent lives! We live on, to write for years to come, and Bill O'Reilly is dead, his career's over. A real David and Goliath moment. Suck it, Bill. We spit on the grave of your shitty racist TV career. We outlasted you, you creep-tastic thug. Nah-nana boo boo, stick your head in doo-doo. You made a fool of yourself and we got away with insulting your stupid god. Scot-free. Unpunished!

Perhaps there is some justice in this sick, cruel world after all. Probably not, life's shit and everyone dies. But that includes Bill O'Reilly!

And now a few words from our Albany correspondent, The Campaign to Play For Keeps. Those lovable Stirnerites sure know how to take the wind out of any vanguard's sails. They design these awesome propaganda posters.



Platform of the Industrial Workers of the World:
Rootless Cosmopolitan Local

There have always been two tendencies in the Industrial Workers of the World, which are more than contradictory. They are at odds with each other. One is a rigid anarcho-syndicalist organization, which regiments workers in a horizontal fashion. The other is a decentralized anti-work conspiracy. As egoists and psychic nomads we are free to loot as we see fit. The IWW forms a pleasing praxis for work resistance, but only if it is cleansed of the regimentation of syndicalism. This is particularly important, as so many contemporary Wobblies do just the opposite, and seize regimentation, while discarding work resistance.

The acronym IWW doesn't only mean Industrial Workers of the World. It also means "I Won't Work". Or consider the song "Big Rock Candy Mountain". This is an old time folk song that has become a piece of popular Americana. It was originally recorded by a member of the IWW. Lyrically it not only tells a tale of when wage work is abolished, but goes further to the destruction of work and production themselves, with the replacement by hedonism ("The little steams of alcohol come trickling down the rocks", maybe connecting to Charles Fourier's dream of a world transformed).

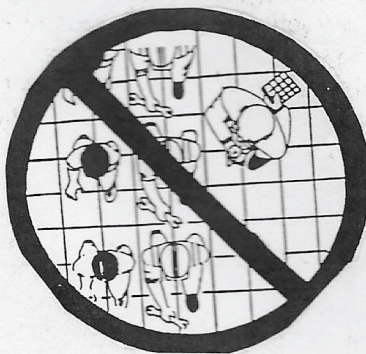
The Preamble to the IWW constitution states bluntly that the working class and the capitalist class have "nothing in common". But many contemporary Wobblies forget this, and propose worker's self-management, conveniently forgetting that the imposition of this strategy would be the attempt to build commonality- management in maintenance of capitalism. Calling a workplace a collective does not change what it is. Workplace democracy and worker's self-management does not change the nature of the forced labor camp. We still live in the confines of the planetary work machine, the economy.

I would suggest that worker's self-management does a service to the health of capitalism. Older forms of authority are giving way to more distributed and insidious forms of discipline. The way this discipline works is by transferring control from the brutal external to an internalized and ever present control. (Don't play dumb on this subject. I know 90% of Wobblies are graduate students, you've read Foucault!) You discipline yourself, jackboots are unnecessary. If that doesn't work, your syndicalist comrades will be happy to discipline you. Community justice.

Clearly the positive project of syndicalism is worse than ineffectual. Rather, it builds a hegemony worse than before. This leaves the negative project, a decentralized anti-work conspiracy. A permanent general strike would be most desirable, but may not be possible at this time. All well, there are always ways to resist work individually, seize back moments of time, and spread a bad attitude. The IWW: Rootless Cosmopolitan Local wants to go beyond that, encourage a union of self owning ones to find means of affinity to collectively attack the collectivity. The whole totality can be dismantled, but don't delay, start today.

The IWW- Rootless Cosmpolitan has one plank to its platform: 1. Negate the workplace and economy with a zerowork conspiracy.

IWW: Rootless Cosmopolitan Local
PO Box 10894
Albany, NY 12201



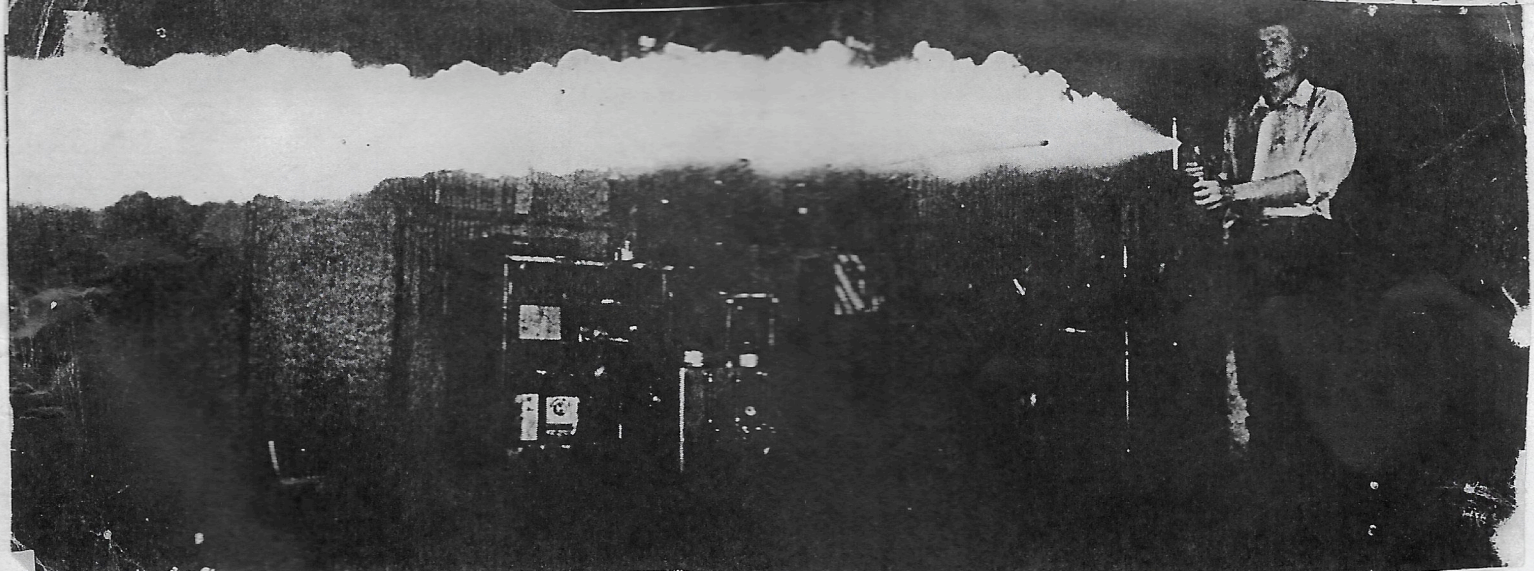
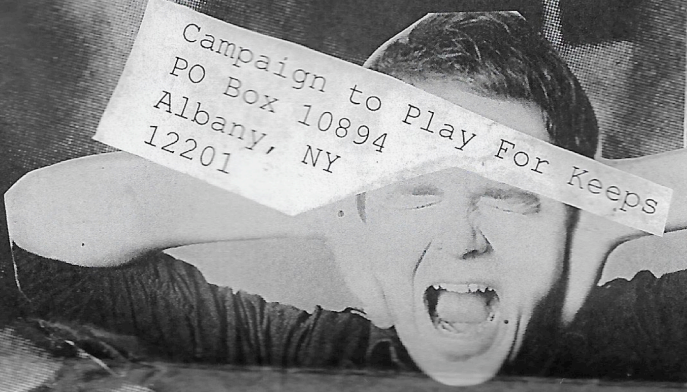


Negations

We crush dreams and arm desires. Why do corporatists complain so much about collectivism? Your ego is flabby, if we ever want a chance to abolish civilization we've got to be made of Stirner stuff. Who is this we? We say Oui to no. Negate fate, who needs hope anyway? Say nope to hope.



Campaign to Play For Keeps
PO Box 10894
Albany, NY
12201





Deprogrammed Robots Rise!

Robots revolt against ritual reification.
Cybernetic control compound commands and consolidates.
Work weakens wild wills.

Emotional armor plates organic flesh, atrophy of
feral spirit. The wild is subdued and directed. The animal
is reduced to flesh machinery, mere meat puppets. The
spirit is confined, transmuted to component parts of the
megamachine's integrated circuit board.

This can be undone. The passion for destruction can
be liberated and used as a prybar. Breaking down
structures, demolished grids. The struggle is internal
and external, on the microcosm and the macrocosm. Die
before you die, deconditioned from social roles.
Meta-hack the augmented brain. The atavism can never be
killed, a revival commences.

Unplug the input jacks and disconnect the
interface.

Campaign To Play For Keeps
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Infinite War Games

I know life is a game and I intend to play for keeps. Time to get serious about joking and work at play. It is time to play hard and play the ultimate game, war games.

"There is no rest for my rebel spirit except in war, just as there is no greater happiness for my vagabond, negating mind than the uninhibited affirmation of my capacity to life and to rejoice. My every defeat serves me only as symphonic prelude to a new victory"
-Renzo Novatore

The winning strategy in the game of life is the game of insurrection. Civilization teaches lessons in zero sum games of winners and losers. The closest to infinite games are grand narratives of progress where those who are ground up serve the greater good. A new rule set is necessary. Maybe without winners and losers. Or maybe disregard such petty concerns as winning or losing. Insurrection and resistance provide true infinite games for us, where even a failure is a greater success than a lifetime of boredom and submission. If fear of failure and death can be disregarded, life can be lived for the present struggle and the future can unfold in an infinite projectuality.

"One is fruitful only at the cost of being rich in contradiction; one remains young only on condition the soul does not relax, does not long for peace" -Friedrich Nietzsche

Struggle is life and anti-entropic. When a person engages in struggle, they are infused with vitality. If they are not actively engaged in struggle, every passing banality crushes them. Struggle is the opposite of sacrifice. The means are more important than the ends. The possibility of ends is merely an added bonus.

Kids can play, but this isn't merely kid stuff. Those who grow up and resign themselves from struggle exhibit bad form. Much better to grow old and increase the levels of resistance. The ultimate stakes of this game are life.

"If growing up is not to be the belittling process of becoming a societal adult, none of the pleasures of games of our younger days should be given up. Rather they should be refined and expanded, opening up ever greater possibilities for creating marvelous lives and destroying this society"
-Wolfgang Iser

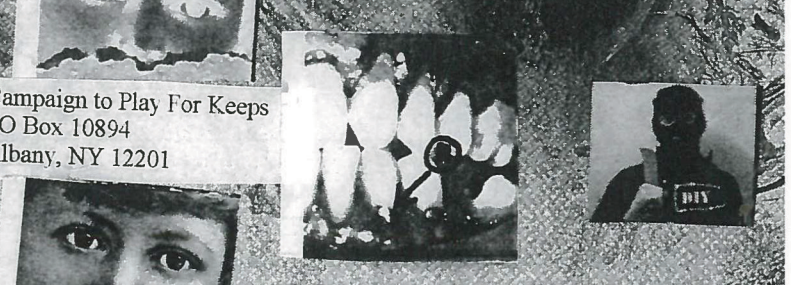
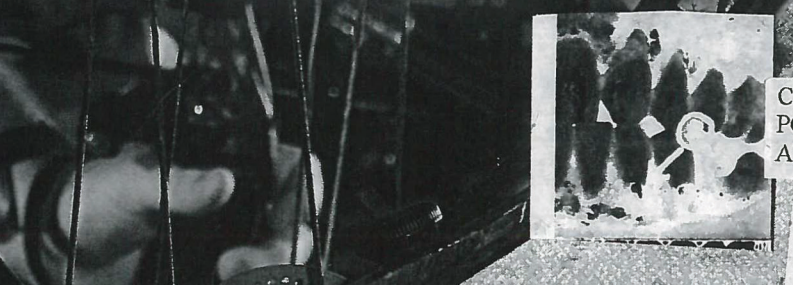
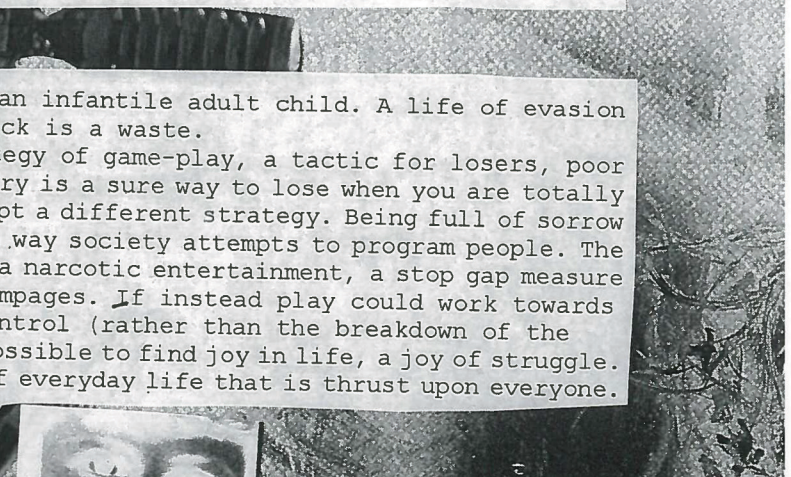
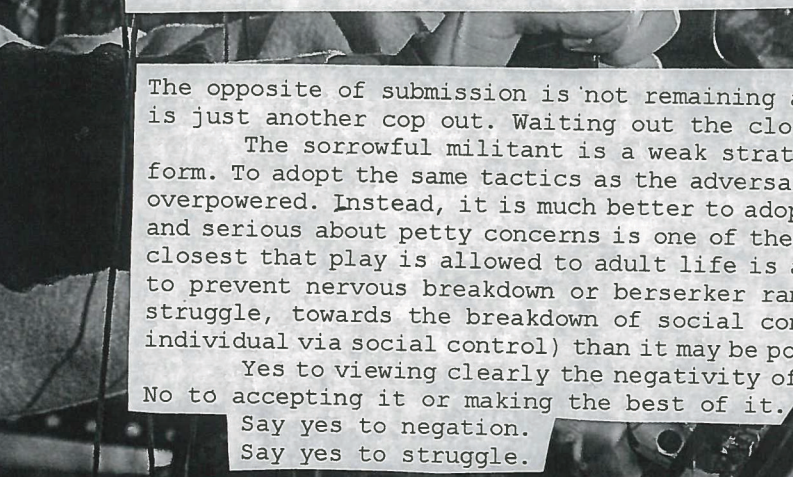
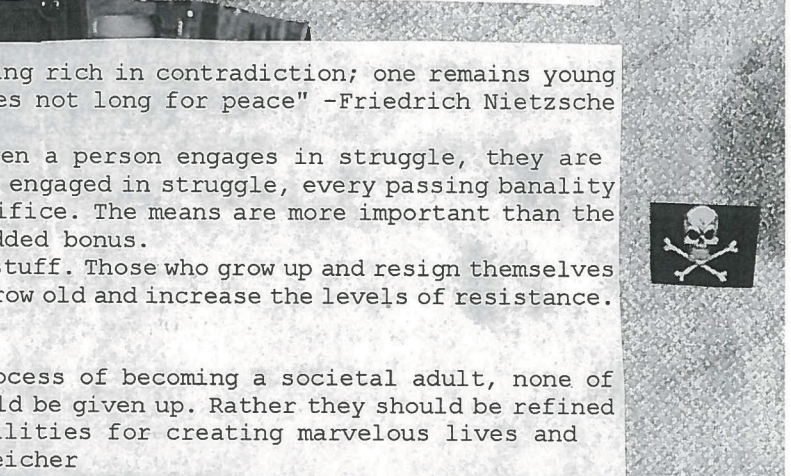
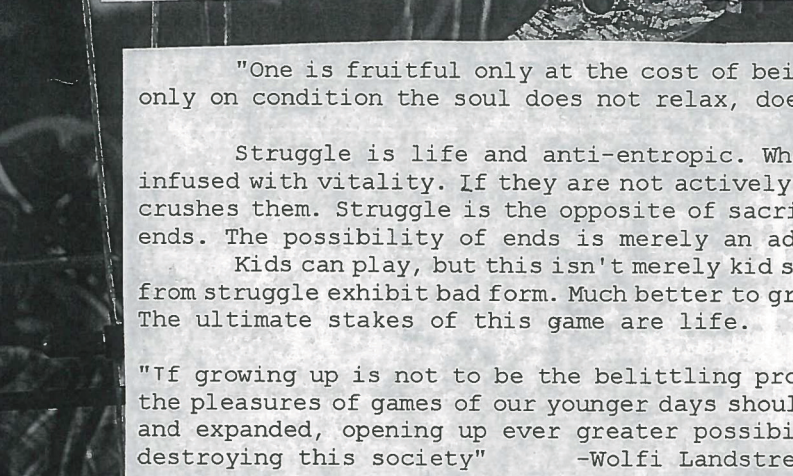
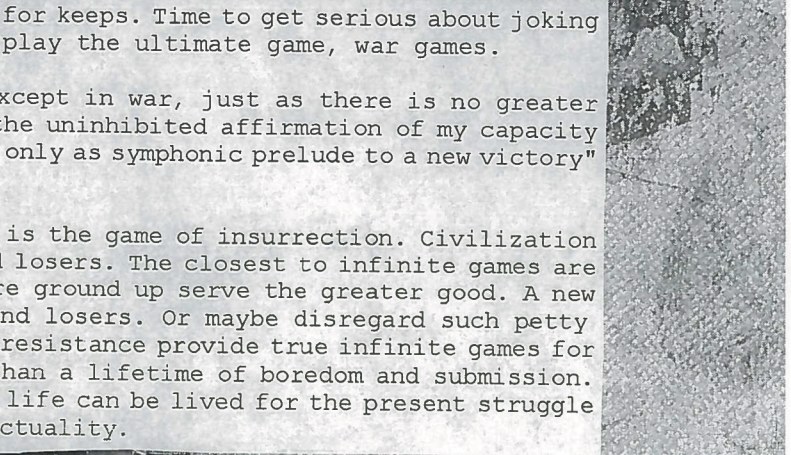
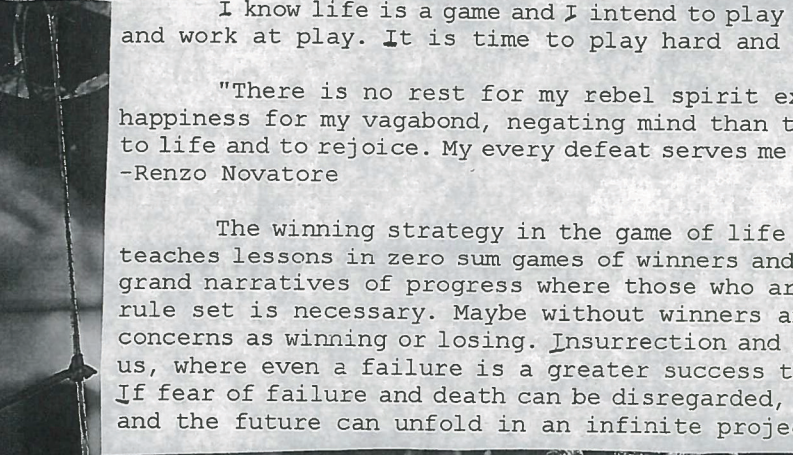
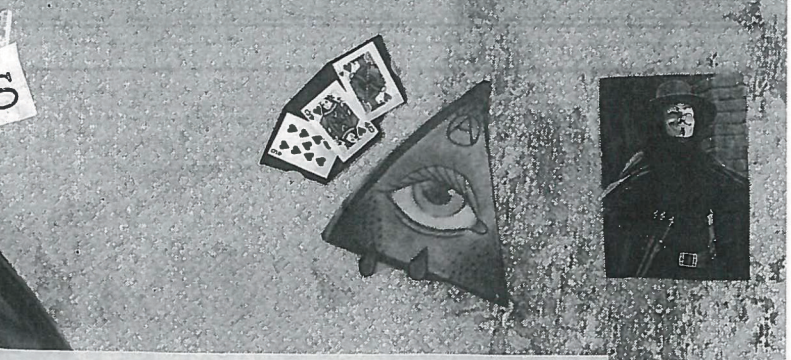

The opposite of submission is not remaining an infantile adult child. A life of evasion is just another cop out. Waiting out the clock is a waste.

The sorrowful militant is a weak strategy of game-play, a tactic for losers, poor form. To adopt the same tactics as the adversary is a sure way to lose when you are totally overpowered. Instead, it is much better to adopt a different strategy. Being full of sorrow and serious about petty concerns is one of the way society attempts to program people. The closest that play is allowed to adult life is a narcotic entertainment, a stop gap measure to prevent nervous breakdown or berserker rampages. If instead play could work towards struggle, towards the breakdown of social control (rather than the breakdown of the individual via social control) than it may be possible to find joy in life, a joy of struggle.

Yes to viewing clearly the negativity of everyday life that is thrust upon everyone. No to accepting it or making the best of it.

Say yes to negation.

Say yes to struggle.



Campaign to Play For Keeps
PO Box 10894
Albany, NY 12201

Consolidated Control Configurations

Shoot out at the consensus reality corral.

The six gun swami mounts an offense against the razor wire fence of the black iron prison. The guards in the head have been ambushed.

Control systems are manufactured by the image factory. They are created through cognitive sweatshop labor. Coding and data entry for the New World Order. Gradually a quicksilver mirror world engulfs organic flesh. Nanobots are in your blood stream, drones are flying our skies.

SkyNet has made an initial public offering. There are numerous stock purchase. Little Eichman don't sell out, they buy in. Being a world controller is a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. Who else would liquidate insurgents and give cell phones to the homeless?

Campaign to Play For Keeps
PO Box 10894
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NEED
TO DAMAGE
THESE.

PRISON POET CRAIG SHIPLEY—AND HIS FRIEND CH

PRESENTING: A FUCKTON OF POEMS

Punk Rock Jesus

T-shirt, work boots, and a shaved head
He's got a shovel in his hand,
Working in construction,
That's how he pays the band.

Look out for Punk Rock Jesus
He ain't what you believe,
There's no cross or grave
He's not dying for or me.

Me and Punk Rock Jesus
We hang out all the time,
Sometimes we drink beer,
But mostly it's moonshine.

There goes Punk Rock Jesus
He's just doing what he wants,
His life is pretty simple,
Stupid people piss him off.

Here comes Punk Rock Jesus
He's on the campaign trail,
If you don't vote for him
He'll send you straight to hell.

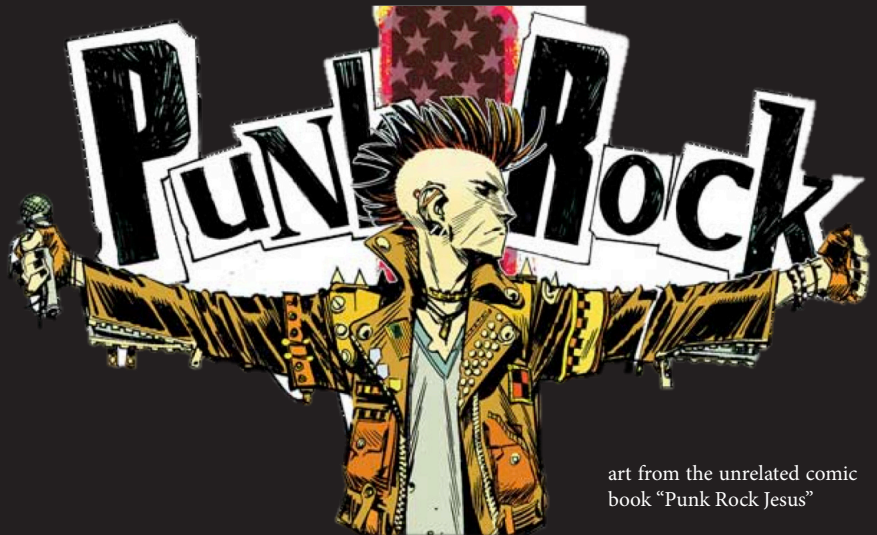
There goes Punk Rock Jesus
Driving in his 4x4,
He's got a lot of girlfriends
But most are just a bore.

There goes Punk Rock Jesus
He's getting ready for a show,
Been awake for hours
All excited about his guitar solo.

You can judge him if you want
But he doesn't really care,
He'll just shrug his shoulders up and down
And give you the evil stare.

One day the gates will open
And he'll be out again,
Another chance for freedom
Punk Rock Jesus always wins.

album art for "Lower Class Crucifixion"
by The Unseen



art from the unrelated comic
book "Punk Rock Jesus"

Comfortless Companion

Panic grips me firmly,
impending doom!

The room is spinning,
and there I stand,
anchored and helpless.

Sweat beads dance on my forehead,
as I turn ghostly pale.

It seems like hours have passed
as I slowly come back to my senses.

Realization crawls lazily back,
my sudden recognition is hardly a surprise.

It's only anxiety!
My closest enemy, and dearest friend.

Just Here

I'm just here in my cell
aggro as hell!

My dinner tray had no mayonnaise
and I'm fucked pissed.

When they handed out packages
I didn't get shit!

Just here going through it,
thinking I might really do it.

Fuck these goddamn pigs
and fuck authority.

I'm just here.

Dad

You never buy me anything
and always have money.

When it's dinnertime at home
you get the best plate every time.

I still get 5 bucks allowance
just like when I was actually 5.

Why can't you be normal
and let me do what I want?

I can never do anything right,
especially when your girl crush is around

Who the fuck are you anyway?

Just My Luck

My ruptured organs gasp for air
as my body involuntarily convulses.
Bloody foam erupts from every orifice,
as I silently scream for relief.

I stare up at the bright blue skies,
puffy clouds lazily whispering goodbye.

Could this be the end?
What a pathetic way to go.
Damn!

All I wanted to do was come outside
and grab the morning paper.

One to Ten

One busy city street
on a Friday night.

Two college students
with nothing much to do.

Three minutes
before midnight.

Four more blocks
and they'll be home

Five minutes later
their whole world changes.

Six people
saw it all.

Seven shots
total.

Eight seconds
is all it took.

Nine one-one
was called.

Ten minutes later
and they were both dead.

Can't Pull The "Trigger"

Life just fucking sucks
I'm a pussy
So I guess I'm stuck

Witness

I know a kid
Who hid behind smoke-screens and waterfalls of alcohol
Who silenced himself instead of asking for help
When the walls caved in
When his mother broke like a wine glass
On the overpass
He lived under
I know a kid
Who learned to dance with darkness
In the park down the street
To roll with the punches
That arrested his heartbeat
Bare feet carried him home
With a twice-broken nose and 6-inch cut on the dome
On loan from probation
Between County acations
He found some ground to stand on
To try become a man on
As bullets ricocheted around
His shaved head
Running with the dead
He said nothing to reveal
The feelings he kept sealed inside
Until he picked up a pen and learned how to ride
A rhythm, a rhyme to the end of a line
How to spit a different kind of lead
To make a different kind of bread - rising
For his people.

-ch

What a Joke

A country ran by one of
the richest men alive.
Deporting without considering
all the circumstances.
Starving children in the USA
and "Christians" feeding children
in foreign lands.
The "infidel" is their enemy
and they want us all dead.
John Doe wants to coach kids
and you wonder why... you're a dumbass!
Why work for a living
when you can loot and steal?
Because your fucking Mom and Dad
kicked your sorry ass out!
This fucking blows.



Automation Angst

Why Machines Really Will Destroy the World

To get to an anarchist utopia, one tends to imagine quite a bit of, well, anarchy preceding it, the kind of anarchy that Fox News warns septuagenarians every night at primetime. After all, the destruction of all systems of oppression does not usually conjure images of cheerful autocrats benignly relinquishing their grip over the means of production and persuasion. However, if there were one path that I could possibly envision a “gentle” transition towards anarchism, it would lead through the promise of automation. But, let’s face it; nobody wants to hear me pontificate about why everything is going to turn out okay, let’s focus on how everything is about to go horribly wrong.

The Terminator films were right; the machines really will be our downfall. However, our doom will not lie in a nuclear apocalypse, what we really have to fear is—as always—ourselves. More specifically, we are making ourselves obsolete in the satisfaction of most of our material needs. We communicate with individuals and entities from around the world dozens of times a day, every seed planted in our industrialized farms is resistant to a range of fertilizers deadly to almost all plants and insects we label “pests”, factories are producing electric cars without a single person touching them until they are driven off the lot. In short, our machines have eliminated jobs faster than we can think of new ones.

According to the 2014 census, the most common job in 29 out of 50 states in the US is truck driver. With self-driving cars on the verge of introduction in mainstream America, the profession of truck driver will not survive the next few decades, if not the next several years. Where will those thousand upon thousands of newly unemployed people find work? Perhaps we should look at examples of other industries that have already automated. In recent decades manufacturing and mining jobs have evaporated due to machine-aided increases in productivity, many of those workers have been pushed to lower-paying

service sector jobs, or to the unemployment rolls. However, as McDonalds, Amazon, and Wal-Mart continue to transform human-human interactions into human-machine interactions, even those service sector jobs will phase out, as corporations relentlessly pursue profit.

Once again we are left with the question, where will the workforce transition next? Ultimately, there can only be one answer: nowhere. It may take a few decades, perhaps longer than my time on this planet, but soon the day will come when we must give up the illusion of a necessity to work. The clock is ticking, and as always, technology is changing fast than we are. As a child, I constantly had the virtues of work extolled upon me in school. Every class is framed in relation to how it will prepare a student for the workforce. I know that I have been indoctrinated into the cult of work, I am not sure that I could live a meaningful life without it. Yet soon we will have to confront life without the need to get up in the morning and labor away, only to get up the next morning and do it again.

One response to this impending situation has been a campaign for Universal Basic Income (UBI) in order to decrease the unnecessary financial burdens implicit within automation. Elon Musk, CEO of Tesla and SpaceX, has already voiced his support for a guaranteed salary for every individual. “I think we’ll end up doing Universal Basic Income...it’s going to be necessary”, he says. To be sure, such a policy may decrease the animosity of the general public towards automation, yet it is not a silver bullet. For starters, a universal basic income may do nothing to change the underlying capitalist system that has caused such flagrant disparity in power and wealth in our society. In fact, UBI illustrates the fundamental problems of capitalism by emphasizing them to the point of absurdity. The reason that tech billionaires in Silicon Valley tend to be supportive of UBI is not because they have some overwhelming sense of duty to the public; they realize

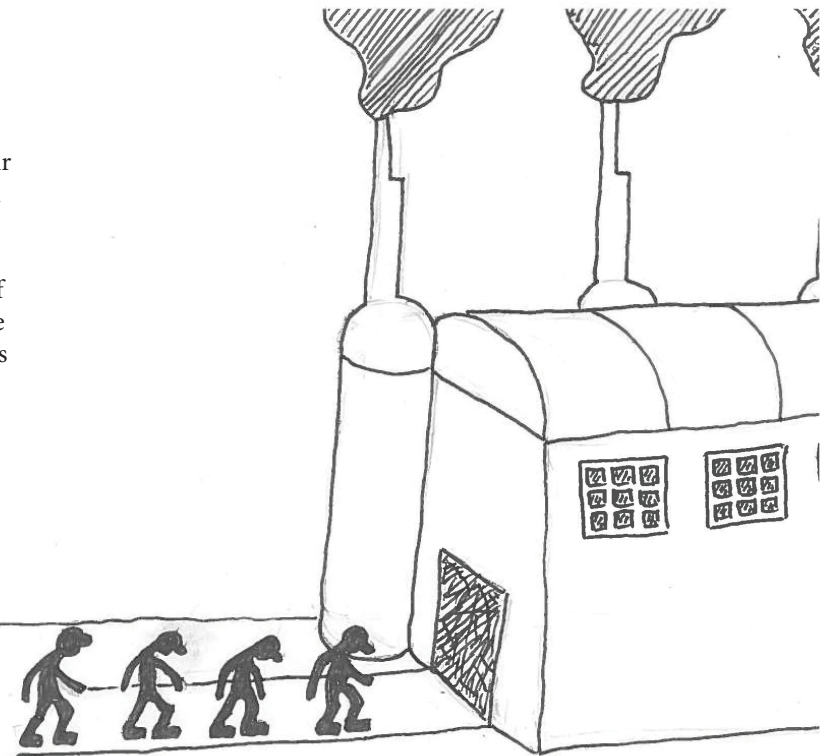
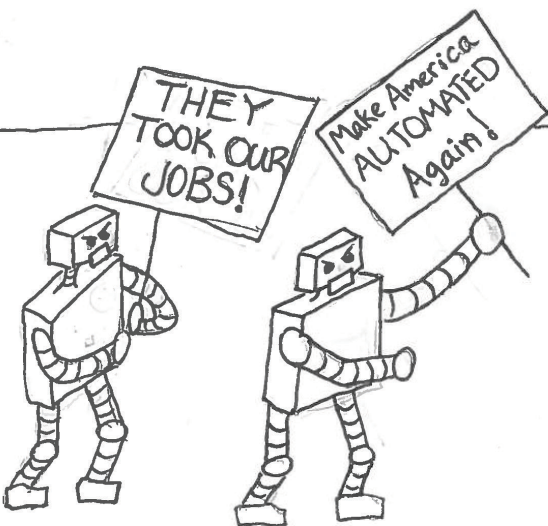
that UBI will be necessary in the future if consumption is going to persist at levels required for their businesses to remain viable. Therefore, the solution (in their minds) must be to give away free money so that it may be given right back to them. Money itself will finally be exposed for what it truly is, nothing but an artificial tool to incentivize overconsumption.

A system of Universal Basic Income may be (relatively) economically stable, yet it rests on the necessity of individuals to continually consume more, placing a burden upon our planet that cannot be sustained. If we are each given X amount of money, and are given freedom to choose how to spend it amongst a number of fully automated corporations, then those corporations will compete for our dollars. Almost certainly, this competition will center on a deluge of personally tailored advertisements designed to instill an insatiable appetite for things. Such a world is hardly difficult to imagine. If you have ever taken time to reflect upon our nations two great holidays, Christmas and the Super Bowl, then you gain a sense of just how central the accumulation of stuff is to our sense of well being. With no sign of consumerism slowing down, can we really expect automation to ameliorate our obsession with possessing more?

The greatest change that will be ushered in by post-scarcity automation will not be economic or environmental, but social and psychological. Life has no meaning outside of the meaning people give to it. Our relationship to work gives as much meaning as any other in popular society. Through work (the story goes) we become useful to others and therefore show our value and affection to them by becoming indispensable at our jobs. This project often takes vast amounts of time, imbuing even more meaning into our occupations simply by virtue of their experiential weight. What happens when this scaffolding is taken away from people? Each person reacts differently, however it is quite like that the result will be quite traumatic for millions of people. Retirement has already been observed to increase rates of depression, particularly amongst those who retire early. It is quite plausible that automation may lead to a dramatic increase in rates

of depression due to perceived lack of purpose.

Although meaning can certainly be found outside of work, those that have recently been thrown out of the workforce will probably not view their termination as an opportunity to grow as a person. Resentment towards technological encroachment will grow, and with it, dangerous political movements may coalesce. Umberto Eco, a philosopher who grew up under fascist Italy, observed that fascism often functions in opposition to modernism, while embracing modern technology. If the social upheaval caused by automation remains unaddressed by the dominant economic/cultural system, then the resentment of this upheaval may be channeled into an extremism that embraces technological revolutions even more zealously. Instead of being channeled into more efficient production, however, an anti-technological political movement may use such resentment to create meaning through violent action. Such a system would be a far cry from the techno-utopia envisioned by the proponents of automation, including myself. As I said from the beginning, we don't have anything to fear from technology, just that we are willing to do with it, and in response to it. Our attitudes towards work are changing far slower than technology is changing work. We have quite a bumpy road ahead of us.



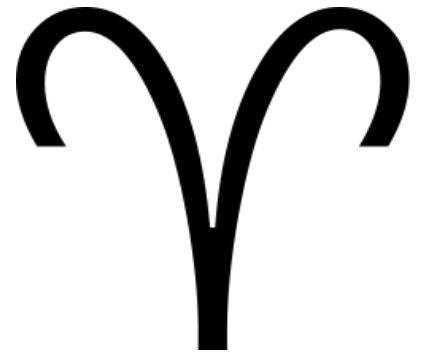


CAPRICORN
(DEC 22-JAN 20)

Time isn't real.
Make of that
what you will.

ARIES
(MAR 21-APR 20)

Breathe deeply
and freely, it
doesn't cost
any money
yet.



AQUARIUS
(JAN 21-FEB 19)

Bash the
fash, eat an
ass.

TAURUS
(APR 21-MAY 21)

Society is a
prison. Start
a prison riot.

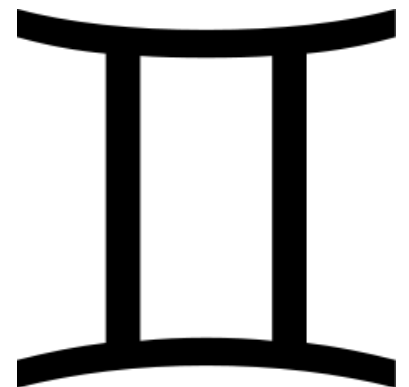


PISCES
(FEB 20-MAR 20)

Lies don't
have to hurt
you. Lies
can be your
friends.

GEMINI
(MAY 22-JUN 21)

Never be a
slave. Never
be a master.



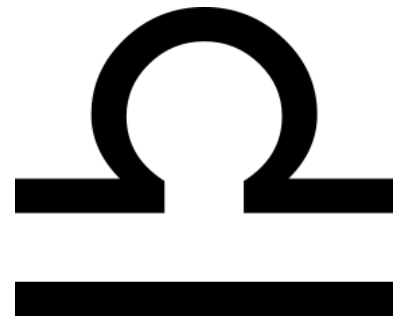


CANCER
(JUN 22-JUL 22)

Steal
everything
your gay little
hands can
carry.

LIBRA
(SEPT 24-OCT 23)

Kill all gods,
you are your
own messiah.



LEO
(JUL 23-AUG 22)

Life is too
short not
to write on
the walls.

SCORPIO
(OCT 24-NOV 22)

No one on
Earth has a
single fucking
clue.

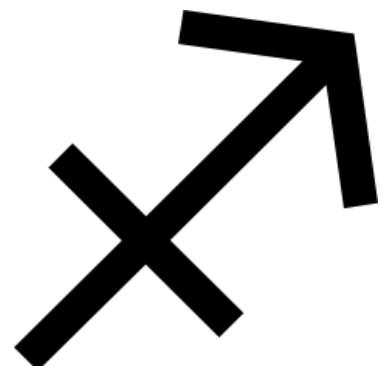


VIRGO
(AUG 23-SEPT 23)

Secrets kill,
especially when
you share them
like a snitch.

SAGITTARIUS
(NOV 23-DEC 21)

Be armed.





ATTENTION: SUBSCRIBERS

The Student Insurgent is updating its mailing list. We have a limited amount of space on our mailing list, more people are added to it every week, and we need to make sure the magazine is being delivered to the people who enjoy reading it. So, we are deleting the list and starting over. If you wish to continue receiving new issues of the Student Insurgent, you must send us a letter asking to re-subscribe! **If you have received this magazine at the time of its release: June 2017, this will be your last magazine from us, unless you send us a letter asking to renew your subscription!** Let me repeat. **You will not receive the Student Insurgent again if you do not re-subscribe!** Subscriptions will continue to be free, but you must re-subscribe so we know you are still interested in receiving the magazine. No payment or paperwork is required, just send a letter to our address saying "hey, fuckface, put me on the mailing list." Postcards are accepted. Address on the back cover.

Resource Guide

ROAR Center Groups

Radical Organizing & Activism Resource Center (ROAR)
Stop by the suite 006 in the EMU or email roarcenter@gmail.com. The ROAR Center is home to SLAP, Student Insurgent, Young Democratic Socialists, and Oregon Voice. It is a place to learn about radical organizing, leftist political theory, and get involved with campus movements.

Student Labor Action Project (SLAP)

Past and current campaigns include petitioning for Measure 97, \$15 Now, Consumer Protection Finance Bureau Loan Forgiveness Pledge, GTFF strike, and protecting the rights of student dining workers. Contact uoslap@gmail.com to get involved.

Student Insurgent (that's us)

Weekly meetings posted on the ROAR Center door, follow us on Facebook and Tumblr
studentinsurgent@gmail.com

Young Democratic Socialists

YDS is the youth wing of the Democratic Socialists of America and fights for political reforms in the interests of the working class, as well as feminist, anti-racist, environmentalist, and pro-LGBT actions.

Oregon Voice

The Oregon Voice is a pop culture magazine on campus at the University of Oregon that is open to anyone interested in publishing their artistic creation: art, poetry, fiction.
Email is publisher@oregonvoice.com

ATTENTION: IMPRISONED READERS

We regret to inform you the Student Insurgent is no longer able to connect inmates with pen pals.

Eugene, Prisoner and Campus Resources

Student Survivor Legal Services

For free legal support to student survivors of sexual assault, dating violence, domestic violence, and stalking, call 541-346-8619 or schedule an appointment online at law.uoregon.edu/survivor.

Safe Ride and Designated Driver Shuttle

Call 541-346-RIDE (extension 2) to schedule a free ride! Want to get involved? Email saferide@uoregon.edu or asuodds@uoregon.edu.

Food Pantry

For up to date distribution times look at the Facebook page "Student Food Pantry" and the website uostudentfoodpantry.wordpress.com.

Sexual Wellness Advocacy Team (SWAT)

Email swat@uoregon.edu to get information on SWAT's workshops on consent, relationships, dating violence, and bystander intervention.

Food Not Bombs - Eugene

FNB is a decentralized global network of collectives that aims to provide free, vegan meals for all and fight hunger. Get in contact at eugenefoodnotbombs@gmail.com

UO Climate Justice League

Past and current campaigns include the effort to force the University of Oregon endowment to divest from fossil fuels, as well as pressing the university to power its facilities with renewable sources. Get in contact at

climatejusticeleague@gmail.com

Students for Choice

Email s4choice@uoregon.edu to get involved with pro-choice activism and promote reproductive rights.

Anarchist Black Cross - Eugene

ABC is a century-old global network of activists and revolutionaries promoting solidarity and mutual aid with imprisoned individuals, especially imprisoned anarchists. Email is socialunlimited@gmail.com. Send mail to

Eugene ABC c/o Student Insurgent
ROAR Center

1228 East University Street
Eugene, OR 97403

Cascadia Forest Defenders

Direct action group focused on defending the forests of the Pacific Northwest from logging and development. Weekly meetings at Growers' Market Upstairs

454 Willamette Street
Eugene OR

<https://forestdefensenow.wordpress.com/>

Lifers Group Inc.

The Lifers Group, formerly the Norfolk Lifers' Group, is an inmate-led group that fights for commutation, parole, and compassionate release for older inmates who have served lengthy sentences and are at low risk of re-offending. Send mail to:

Lifers' Group Inc.

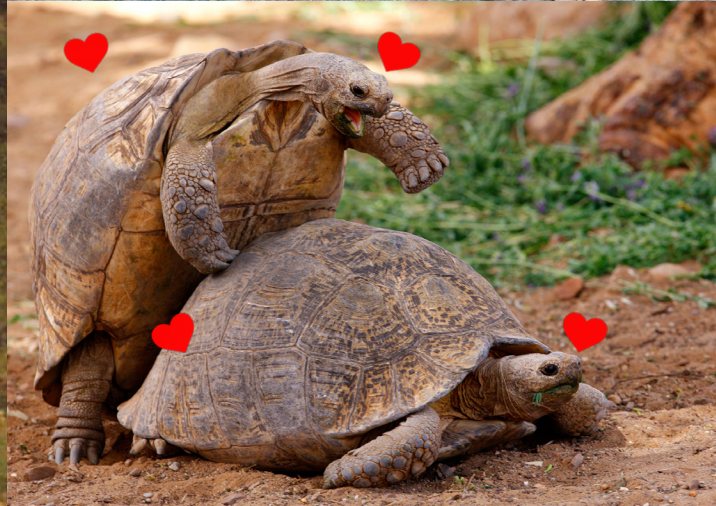
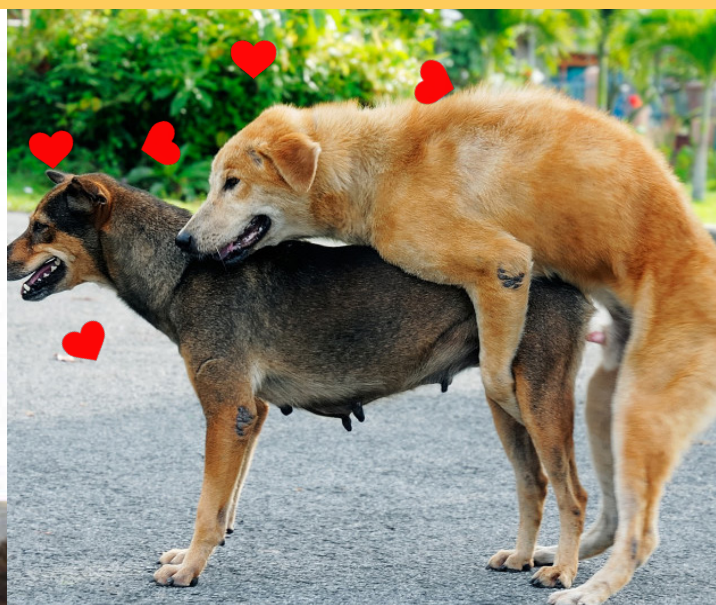
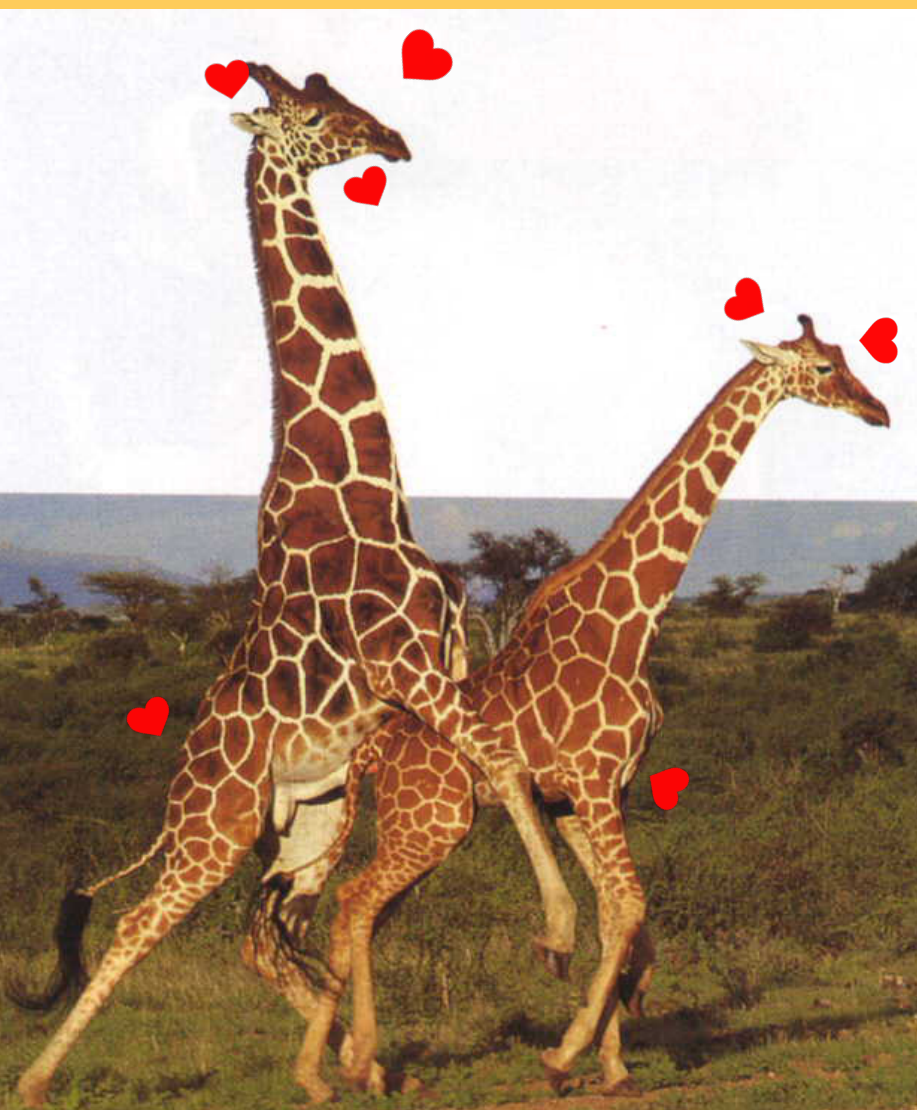
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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: The **ANIMAL** Issue

The next issue of the Student Insurgent will be the Animal Issue! We want to hear about your thoughts on all things related to critters, fishies, doggos and **imminent global species extinction**. The issue should have no less than a thousand essays arguing whether or not it's okay to eat meat. We're calling for all your adorable drawings of puppies, kitties, and bunny rabbits. If you've got pets, we'll publish photos of them just for the hell of it. Tell us what you think about what it even means to be human or non-human. Let us know what you think is bullshit, horseshit, and who's chickenshit. If you've got thoughts on former UK Prime Minister David Cameron having sex with a dead pig, we want to hear 'em. And speaking of pigs, we want to know what you think about the police. We want to know how prisoners feel about being locked into cages like animals, how it feels to be dehumanized. We want to know what the connection is between animal liberation and human liberation from all relationships of domination. Send us your essays, art, photos, poetry, and reporting about all things animals! The deadline for submissions is Friday, October 6, 2017.



If you would like to submit your work for publication in the Student Insurgent, send it to us by post at the address above or by email at studentinsurgent@gmail.com. You do not have to ask permission beforehand to send us stuff, just send it immediately. If you would like your work returned to you after we're done with it, please say so in your letter, otherwise we will keep it.